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MARCH 2012

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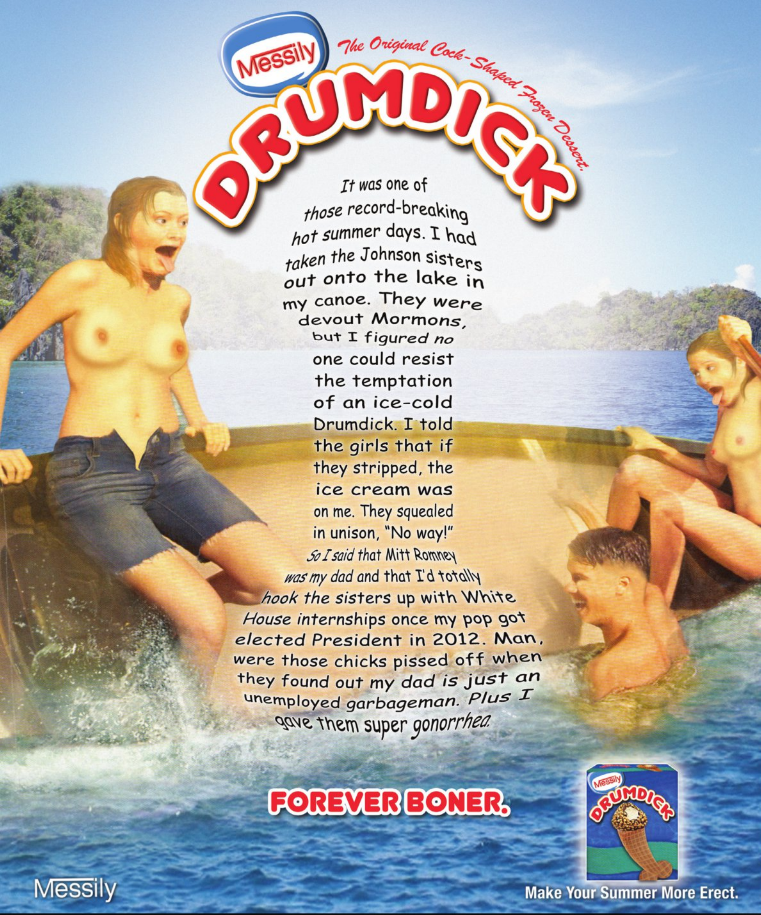
Messily
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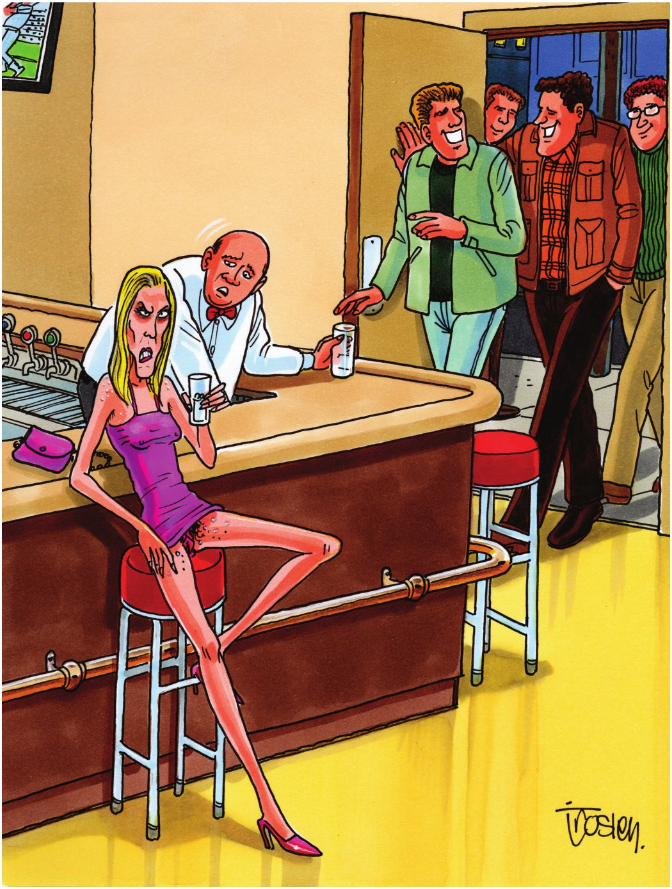
Make Your Summer More Erect.

It was one of those record-breaking hot summer days. I had taken the Johnson sisters out onto the lake in my canoe. They were devout Mormons, but I figured no one could resist the temptation of an ice-cold Drumdick. I told the girls that if they stripped, the ice cream was on me. They squealed in unison, "No way!" So I said that Mitt Romney was my dad and that I'd totally hook the sisters up with White House internships once my pop got elected President in 2012. Man, were those chicks pissed off when they found out my dad is just an unemployed garbageman. Plus I gave them super gonorrhea.

HUSTLER Parody. This is not a real ad. It is a parody of an ad for Drumstick, which is marketed as a fun summer treat. Unfortunately, modern young people don't spend a lot of time in canoes. But this idyllic scene looks better than the reality of the Drumstick demographic: Obese teenage boys devouring entire boxes of ice cream cones while playing video games.



"I'll have to ask you to leave, Ms. Coulter. It's *happy* hour."

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LARRY FLYNT'S
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MARCH 2012 VOLUME 38 NUMBER 10 HustlerMagazine.com

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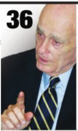

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Photography
Matti Klatt *Senior Photographer*
Ladi von Jansky *Photographer*
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Network Systems
Andrea Landrum *Network Systems Director*

Production
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Shannon Poe *Production Assistant*

Advertising
Mickey Puyda *National Advertising Sales Director*
323-951-7907, mpuyda@LFP.com
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Subscriptions Customer Service: *323-651-2348*

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Cover photo by Digital Playground
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REGARDING THE "OCCUPY WALL STREET" MOVEMENT

It started when a bunch of college kids, responding to a tweet, descended on Wall Street. They stayed, and the crowd grew. Now there are thousands of them, and they're not just in New York City anymore. Nor is the movement still limited to undergrads.

In a nation where 1% of the population controls almost half of the wealth, these protesters have chosen to call themselves the 99 Percent. They are the working class, the poor, the disenfranchised. They represent everyone excluded from a political process that has been hijacked by corporations and multimillionaires. The 99 Percent want their government back.

This looks and feels like something different. It feels organic. It reminds me of the 1960s' antiwar movement. A long-simmering undercurrent of unrest in our country is now bubbling to the surface. Our politicians ignore this movement at their peril.

As Bob Dylan said, "The times they are a-changin'."

Larry Flynt

Larry Flynt
Publisher

HOOK UP TONIGHT With HOT GIRLS AND THE SEXIEST PORNSTARS!

THEY'RE WAITING INSIDE NOW!

Come inside and see what you can get them to do!

These girls are Ready & Willing to do ANYTHING FOR YOU!

We've collected 1000's of beautiful girls who are waiting show you a good time!

Start a Chat RIGHT NOW

BLOCK PARTY

Are you ready to rock your block party? The **ION Audio IPA16 BLOCK ROCKER AM/FM** is the ultimate take-it-anywhere party machine. The portable speaker will pump out your iPod library or the radio station of your choice. And get this: Musicians can plug in a microphone (included) and an instrument to hold their own rock concert anywhere.

The **BLOCK ROCKER** comes with built-in wheels and a retractable telescoping handle. So when you're ready to rock, all you gotta do is rock. Lightweight yet sturdy, the huge speaker is equipped with an amplifier that provides superior sound and crystal-clear audio. Another plus is the **BLOCK ROCKER**'s built-in rechargeable battery, which will let you keep the music playing for up to 12 hours.

Available at ***IONAudio.com***. Suggested retail price: $229.99.

BLUE MOVIES

Hey, you, yes you, the technophobe. Don't you think it's time to update your movie-viewing technology? Seriously, even you gotta realize that your top-loading VCR has to go. Sony, the most trusted name in home-entertainment hardware, has just launched a line of full-HD 1080p Blu-ray players with 3D capability that provides the ultimate in sound and vision. The slick **BDP-S380** also features a built-in USB, access to free online content and versatility—it plays CDs and 2D DVDs. You're on your own with the videotapes, Skippy.

Seeing is believing, and you gotta see how great movies look in Blu-ray. The action just pops off the screen. What do we have to do to prove it to you? Give one away? Fine. We're giving away one Sony **BDP-S380** Blu-ray player. Okay, make that *two*. Greedy bastards! For your chance to be a winner, see details at right.

Available at electronics retailers or ***Sony.com***. Suggested retail price: $149.99.

SUPERPOWERS

Look, up in the sky! It's a bird! It's a plane! It's the **Iomega SuperHero Backup and Charger for iPhone**! The dual unit automatically protects your smartphone's content (i.e., contacts, photos and music) while recharging its battery. For less than 70 bucks, you have the peace of mind that comes with knowing what's stored in your iPhone is safe. The **SuperHero** features a good-looking stainless-steel finish and a built-in 4GB SD card for backup.

Available at ***Iomega.com***. Suggested retail price: $59.99.

FISTS OF FURY

Want to be an ultimate fighter without having to get your ass kicked? Then you need to pick up a pair of officially licensed **UFC Ultimate Fighting Championship TKO Gloves** from Jakks Pacific. The foam-filled pads, which are lightweight (just 1.5 pounds apiece) and durable, are the perfect toy for roughhousing with your kids or playfully sparring with your wife or girlfriend. Just make sure to get a second pair for your opponent. You really don't want to get beat down, especially if it's by a child or a woman. And because we love starting fights, we have a pair of **TKO Gloves** to give away! See details below.

Available at toy stores nationwide or ***Amazon.com***. Suggested retail price: $26.99.

HUSTLER'S ONE-TWO-PUNCH GIVEAWAY

For your chance to win one of two Sony **BDP-S380** Blu-ray players or a pair of Jakks Pacific **TKO Gloves**, just fill out the form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address, signature and survey choices on a postcard) and send it to: **One-Two Punch Giveaway, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211**; or e-mail info to: **HUSTLER@LFP.com**.

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Subscriber (check one) ☐YES ☐NO

Who do you think is the hottest girl this month?

____

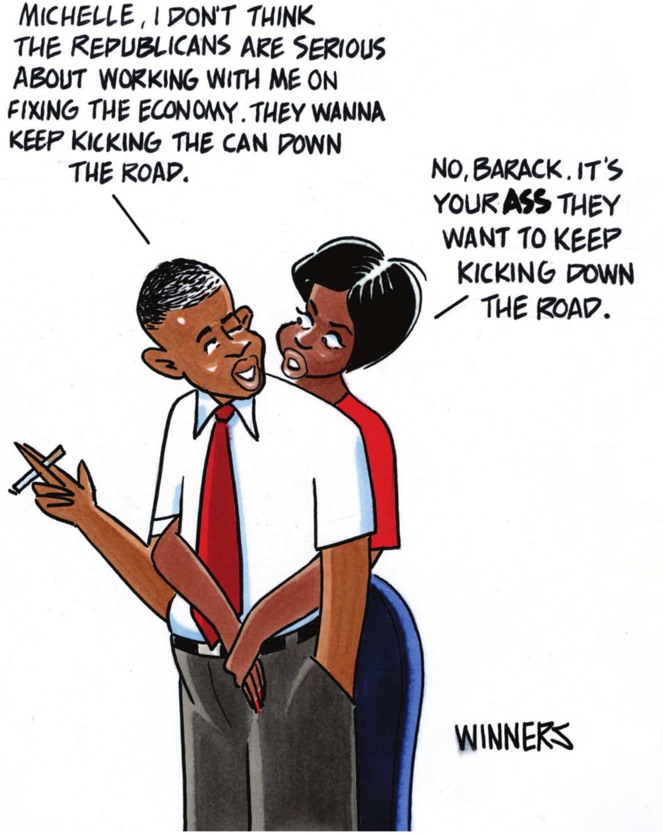
Other than the models, what's your favorite section? (check one)

Cartoons ☐ Articles ☐ Video ☐ Reviews ☐

Bits & Pieces ☐ Music Section ☐ Celebrity Section ☐

Other ____________________

RULES: No purchase necessary. Limit one entry per household. Must be 18 or older to enter. This form, a copy thereof or postcard containing required information and signature must be mailed and received at HUSTLER by March 10, 2012. A purchase would not affect your chances of winning. Winners will be chosen by random drawing. This contest is void where prohibited by law. Entry means automatic consent to use of contestants' names, likenesses and images, and that the names of the winners will be disclosed or made available. All entries become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and HUSTLER Magazine and will not be returned to contestants. Odds of winning will be determined based on the actual number of eligible entries received prior to deadline. The sponsor will contact the winners and ship the winners their prizes at no cost to the winners. Sponsor will not be responsible or liable for failure to contact the winners. The drawing is open to anyone over 18 years of age, other than employees of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, its affiliates and advertising agencies, as well as their immediate family members and persons living in their household. Offer limited to residents of the continental United States.


MICHELLE, I DON'T THINK THE REPUBLICANS ARE SERIOUS ABOUT WORKING WITH ME ON FIXING THE ECONOMY. THEY WANNA KEEP KICKING THE CAN DOWN THE ROAD.
NO, BARACK. IT'S YOUR **ASS** THEY WANT TO KEEP KICKING DOWN THE ROAD.
WINNERS

ROBERT SCHEER

EQUAL-OPPORTUNITY POVERTY

DOWNSIZING THE MIDDLE CLASS IS A RISKY BUSINESS.

Poverty is not just for the poor anymore. Ever greater numbers among the 99% being screwed by the top 1%, who control more than 40% of the wealth in this country, should stop pretending to be middle-class and admit that they are on the deep, losing end of America's fierce class struggle.

We used to think poverty was just for urban ghetto folk who looked, talked and acted differently than the rest of us. No more. Poverty has been democratized, and the poor are everywhere. "Funny, you don't look poor" is what you might say to your neighbor in that white suburb who is surviving on food stamps and skipping mortgage payments until eviction. But when it comes to poverty, America is now an equal-opportunity society. Sure, folks don't go around in rags and visibly malnourished. Thanks to Walmart's steady supply of Chinese sweatshop-produced clothes and our own government's vastly expanded food stamp program, poverty is disguised.

In the past ten years, poverty in suburban America has jumped an astounding 53%, twice its rise in urban centers. For the first time in U.S. history, poverty in the suburbs exceeds that of the cities they surround. While the superrich scurry for safety in their fortress enclaves, suburbs across the country feature boarded-up houses with mortgages that are deeply underwater.

> **While the superrich scurry for safety in their fortress enclaves, suburbs across the country feature boarded-up houses with mortgages that are deeply underwater.**

Six months before the appearance of an Occupy Wall Street encampment, Joseph E. Stieglitz wrote an article for *Vanity Fair*—titled "Of the 1%, by the 1%, for the 1%"—that provided the movement with its essential manifesto. In a prescient prediction of the protests to come, the Nobel Prize-winning economist issued a warning to the power elite that tends to read *Vanity Fair*: "Americans have been watching protests against repressive regimes that concentrate massive wealth in the hands of an elite few. Yet in our own democracy, 1% of the people take nearly a quarter of the nation's income—an inequality even the wealthy will come to regret."

What they will regret, if they retain a shred of caution born of common sense, is that despite an economic meltdown caused by bankers run wild and requiring massive taxpayer-financed government intervention to avoid another Great Depression, the financial overlords continued to pay themselves enormous bonuses while ordinary folk went bankrupt. Hiding behind the fig leaf of Adam Smith's free-market capitalism, they invented gimmicks never before known in the financial world that destroyed the real estate market and turned peoples homes into gambling chips in the Wall Street casino.

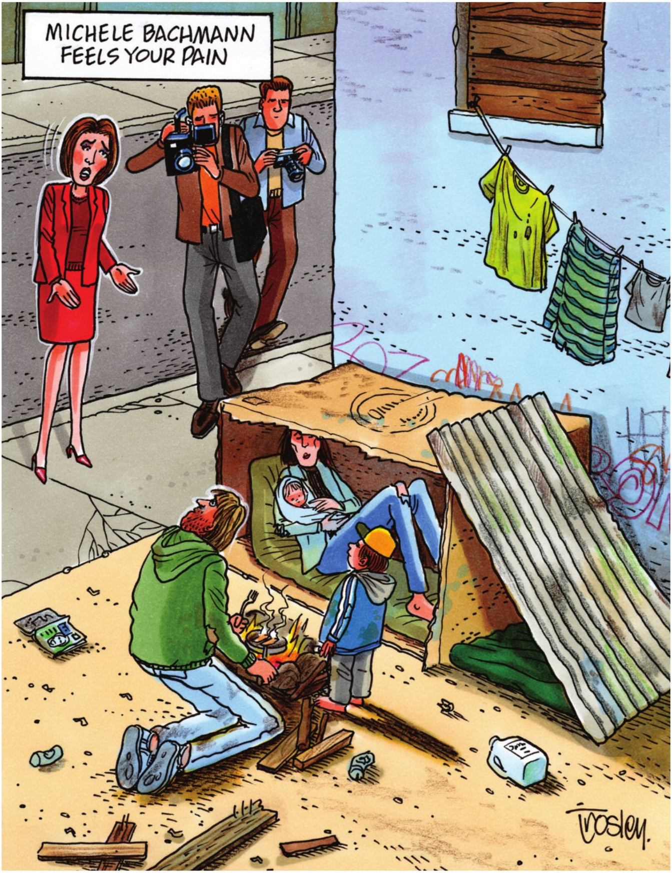
Thanks to the Republicans in Congress back in the 1990s and Democratic President Bill Clinton, who became their water boy, the rules of the regulatory road were changed. Swindles called collateralized debt obligations and credit default swaps—transactions that would have been judged patently illegal if the Mafia had invented them—were made legal as a matter of federal law. The result was a boom-and-bust cycle that vastly increased the gap between America's superwealthy and the rest of the nation. In the process, the bedrock of the American Dream—an ever better-off middle class—was demolished.

Even during the Clinton years, which many Americans now think of as good times, the class divide in America was growing with a vengeance. As I document in my book *The Great American Stickup*, the income of the top 1% increased 10.1% per year under Clinton, while it rose only 2.4% for the other 99% of the population. Things got worse under George W. Bush. Even before the banking meltdown of 2007, the top 1% enjoyed an 11% annual rise in income, while the rest received the crumbs—sharing in a 1% increase. With the imminent collapse of their Ponzi scheme, the bankers were saved. In the meantime, their victims were thrown under the bus.

As libertarian Ron Paul, the Republicans' only honest Presidential candidate, put it: "The bailouts came from both parties. Guess who they bailed out? The big corporations, the people who were ripping off the people in the derivatives market.... But who got stuck? The middle class got stuck...they lost their jobs, and they lost their houses. If you had money to give out, you should have given it to the people who were losing their homes, not to the banks."

In his *Vanity Fair* article, Stieglitz hit the nail on the head: "The top 1% have the best houses, the best educations, the best doctors, and the best lifestyles, but there is one thing that money doesn't seem to have bought: an understanding that their fate is bound up with how the other 99% live. Throughout history, this is something that the top 1% eventually do learn. Too late."

Before serving almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. Now editor of **TruthDig.com**, Scheer has written such hard-hitting books as *The Pornography of Power: How Defense Hawks Hijacked 9/11 and Weakened America* and his latest, *The Great American Stick-Up: Greedy Bankers and the Politicians Who Love Them.*


MICHELE BACHMANN FEELS YOUR PAIN
Trosley

"This is so sad…an American family so poor that they can't contribute money to my campaign!"

NAT HENTOFF

SO MUCH OBAMA HIDES FROM US

THE PRESIDENT CALLOUSLY CONTINUES TO IGNORE HIS CAMPAIGN PROMISE OF TRANSPARENCY.

I have often mocked our President's riding into office on his teleprompter and assuring us his administration would be the most transparent in history. It ain't funny anymore. On his watch this past summer, 12 members of Congress formed the bipartisan Joint Select Committee on Deficit Reduction to cut $1.5 trillion from the federal budget, part of which might keep some of us alive before these destiny-makers slash allocations to Medicare and Medicaid.

The deficit-reducing "super committee" operates in absolute secrecy, rejecting all requests for information by reporters or anyone else. According to Politico.com, the proceedings are so secret that after a closed meeting, "staff seemed to clear the room of paperwork so as to leave no trace of evidence about how they were tackling the grave task of saving the nation's fiscal health." Although maybe not ours.

> **The deficit-reducing "super committee" operates in absolute secrecy, rejecting all requests for information by reporters or anyone else.**

Also, as we formerly self-governing citizens are being shorn of our personal privacy—on the phone, Facebook, Twitter, etc., all while being videotaped by the FBI as we walk the streets—Obama appoints an Intelligence Oversight Board.

The President claims he's doing this—creating a panel nobody could possibly believe in—for our sake. Its mission, reports the Electronic Frontier Foundation, one of my most valuable information sources, is to provide "civilian oversight of America's intelligence activities. The board exists to make sure government agencies are not overstepping their authority and abusing citizens' rights."

These people supposedly safeguarding what fragments remain of the Fourth Amendment are authorized to disclose anything "unlawful or contrary to executive order." But, gee, who are they? Members of the Intelligence Oversight Board are officially anonymous.

The Electronic Frontier Foundation never gives up probing the U.S. government's "black sites." It now has filed a lawsuit against the Office of the Director of National Intelligence to find out what the Intelligence Oversight Board—these silent "protectors" of our privacy—are actually unearthing.

Says Mark Rumold of the Electronic Frontier Foundation: "History has shown that intelligence agencies overseeing their own behavior is like the fox guarding the henhouse."

Does Barack Obama think We the People are so stupid as not to realize that this lawsuit to pierce the "Oversight" Board's anonymity will likely come before a federal court that will agree with the government not to hear it based on Obama's often-invoked "state secrets" doctrine?

Remember, after al-Qaeda's "chairman of the board" was met by a CIA-directed team of Navy SEALs, we were forbidden to see any photos or videos of the summary execution of the archterrorist whose henchmen murdered thousands of us on 9/11.

Josh Gerstein's "Under the Radar" at the always-alert Politico.com reported: "CIA National Clandestine Service Director John Bennett wrote that the CIA has '52 unique…photographs and/or video recordings' depicting [Osama] bin Laden during or after the May [2011] operation. Bennett did not break down the tally further but said all the imagery is classified 'TOP SECRET,' meaning that disclosure of the material could lead to 'exceptionally grave damage' to U.S. national security."

Also, I add, civil libertarians could claim that bin Laden, unarmed, should have been captured, not killed on the spot.

Okay, I can understand the need to block out the faces of the Navy SEALs' execution team, but how do the images of bin Laden's burial at sea weaken national security? After conducting its own investigation, Politico.com surmised, "The CIA's claim that none of the images or videos can be released even in part seems conclusory."

Can we trust on faith any conclusion of either the CIA or Obama's Justice Department? When Judicial Watch filed a Freedom of Information lawsuit to see the bin Laden raid photos and videos, it was joined by—among other news organizations—Politico.com and the Associated Press. Were *they* being subversive?

While rejecting attempts to see the images, Bennett admitted that the photos are "gruesome." Were the CIA and Obama afraid of offending the sensibilities of al-Qaeda members and their supporters around the globe?

Shortly after bin Laden's death, the President himself appeared on CBS's *60 Minutes* and declared, "It is important for us to make sure that very graphic photos of somebody who was shot in the head are not floating around as an incitement to additional violence as a propaganda tool."

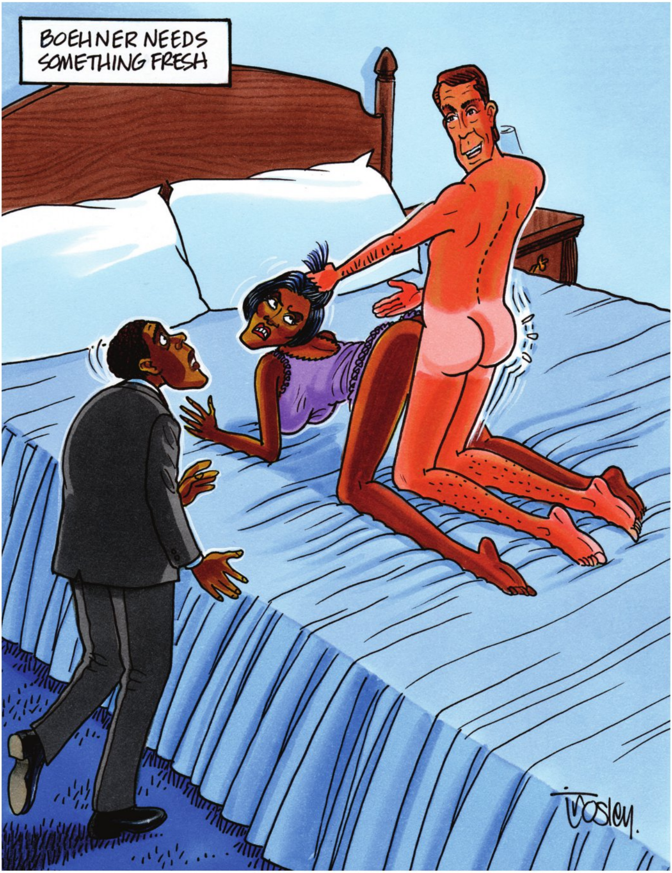
Added Obama: "You know that's not who we are. You know we don't trot out this stuff as trophies. We don't need to spike the football."

But, your eminence, you've already impaled so much of our own Constitution. And please tell us why, as Politico.com reported, then-CIA Director Leon Panetta (now Secretary of Defense) promised there was indeed no "question that ultimately a photograph would be presented to the public."

Gosh, I believe that the family and friends of those Americans so horrifyingly torn apart on 9/11 are entitled to see the ultimate retribution to Osama bin Laden, the very personification of evil.

But I guess we also won't see any deathbed photographs of those of us whom the deficit-cutting "super committee" decides are too costly to keep alive under its reductions of Medicare and Medicaid. Obama wouldn't want those relatives to be offended.

Nat Hentoff is a historian of the Constitution, a jazz critic and a columnist for the *Village Voice* and *Free Inquiry*. His incisive books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America*; *Living the Bill of Rights*; and the forthcoming *Is This Still America?*


BOEHNER NEEDS SOMETHING FRESH
Wosley

"Oh, c'mon, Mr. President. I'm tired of fucking *you* up the ass.
I really want to fuck Michelle!"

THE MEDIA POWER ELITE

YOUR SCORECARD OF NEWS HOSTS, PUNDITS AND ASSHOLES

Everybody loves a list. It allows you to immerse yourself in that great American pastime of determining who's the best and the biggest. So here, dear reader, is my official "Most Powerful and Influential Media People" list.

Although I've never been a big fan of Rachel Maddow at MSNBC (liberals' favorite news network), she is the most respected and quoted of its commentators. Maddow, who has the hearts and ears of the left and far left, gets her opinions parroted continually in those circles. Personally, I don't get her; she's too dull for me.

Yes, Bill O'Reilly is a blowhard. He's cocky and annoying, but he also has the biggest audience in 24/7 news. His numbers at Fox are better than all of MSNBC's talk shows put together. There is power in numbers. It doesn't matter that he constantly misreports and distorts the truth. The people who listen believe what O'Reilly says. He is singularly the most influential host on any news channel. Even the late (mediawise) Glenn Beck couldn't come close.

If, on a given day, 34 million people came to your Web site, you'd have power. That power could be used to inform or misinform. In the case of Matt Drudge and his *Drudge Report*, it's the latter. He isn't really a writer; he's an aggregator. His site is simply a series of links to articles on other Web sites. Occasionally, Drudge breaks a story. The Monica Lewinsky scandal is the one that put him on the media radar. Drudge's sources are usually his pals in the Republican cadre. Typically, the information he posts gives his readers—most of whom only read his front page and its headlines—a skewed impression of what's going on. Drudge has an agenda.

I've said it more than once before, and I'll say it again: *The Daily Show With Jon Stewart*, in its own weird way, is the single most important source of left-wing information—and it's a comedy program! Despite its "just for laughs" approach, *The Daily Show*'s use of news clips with insightful, satirical commentary cleverly exposes the hypocrisies of those who run—and often ruin—our lives. Recently, Stewart—who rarely goes on a personal crusade—railed against the government's treatment of first responders who suffered life-threatening health problems by working at New York's Ground Zero following the 9/11 attacks. The government responded to Stewart's attack within hours, and a first responders bill for medical care was passed a few months later.

My list has to at least mention Oprah—no last name needed. While she's no longer armed with a daily bully pulpit, her power still resonates with us every time we see President Obama. The first time I ever heard his name was when Oprah said he should run for President. That's when Obama got the idea to throw his hat into the ring. The rest is history. Aside from being powerful, Oprah clearly can be dangerous.

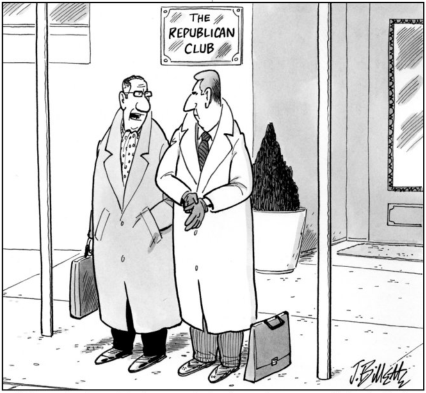
And then there's Rush Limbaugh. How does this guy *do it* year after year? In a world of disposable personalities, Rush manages to endure. I don't know if America's power brokers actually listen to this guy or if they just pretend to listen out of fear they'll become objects of his wrath. Either way, that's real power. (Making $35 million a year doesn't hurt either.)

Keith Olbermann is a name that *would* have been on this list were he not foolish and impetuous. As you may remember, "The Big O" quit his soapbox over at MSNBC in January 2011 for reasons that, it is rumored, had something to do with a massive ego. He went to Al Gore's Current TV cable network—and disappeared. No one hears what Olbermann has to say. Kiss his power goodbye.

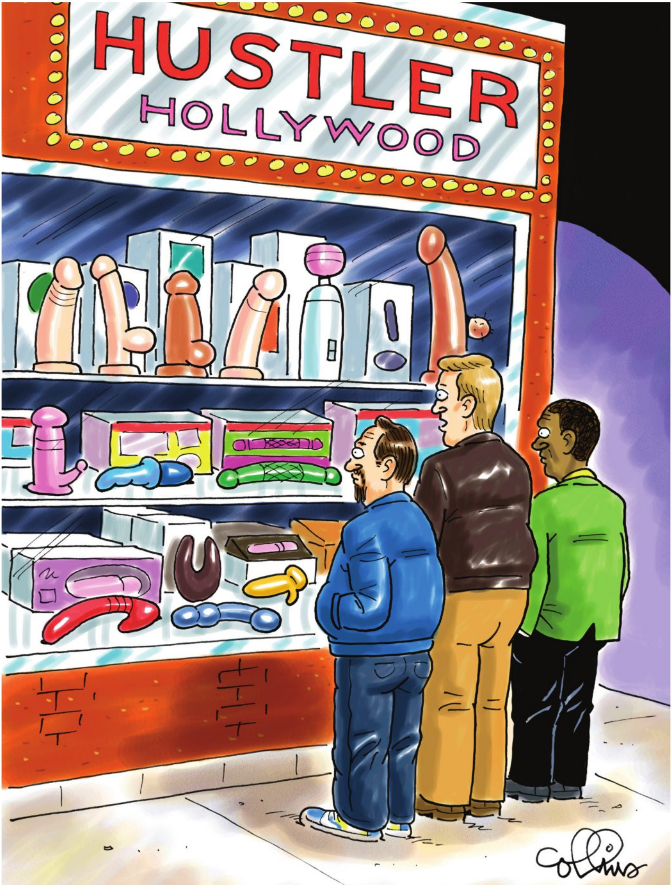
So who is the most powerful and influential media person of all? Despite overwhelmingly bad publicity in 2011, it still has to be Rupert Murdoch. Although the British phone-hacking scandal has done much to diminish him, Murdoch had so much power to begin with that he's still the number one media force in the known universe. Murdoch has newspapers, movie companies, satellite systems, cable news and broadcast networks and, of course, Simon Cowell. Murdoch is a right-wing zealot with a message and a mission who possesses so much media power that it gives me many a sleepless night. Murdoch *could* get away with murder.

So there you have it—the power-and-influence elite of the media. Power used to be the territory of newspaper barons like William Randolph Hearst. But today it can be found across the full media spectrum—print, broadcast and Internet.

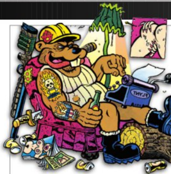
Alex Bennett is a longtime HUSTLER contributor. The two-time Emmy winner, who broke into broadcasting as a teenager, can be heard weekdays on SiriusXM Left 127 (7 a.m. to 10 a.m. ET).



"The only downside to our whole damn democracy thing is that the middle class and the poor are allowed to have a say in it!"


HUSTLER
HOLLYWOOD
Collins

"Gentlemen, we've been outsourced."



Beaver Fever

I just wanted to write and say I loved my photos in the December '11 issue of HUSTLER! They were perfect! I've told everyone I know to go out and get a copy! I am looking forward to people around here bringing one into the Mardi Gras club [in Atlanta] for me to sign!

Now that I've appeared in *Beaver Hunt*, does this mean I have a chance at a big layout in HUSTLER? I read the rules thing, and it said that all the Beavers are considered for a layout worth up to $2,500. How does that work? Do readers vote or what? And truthfully, I would rather have the professional layout than the money!

I hope Larry Flynt sees my photos and likes them enough to let me pose in his amazing magazine! That would be a dream come true! HUSTLER has no competition in my eyes, whether it be magazines or videos! **—Aryana**
Marietta, Georgia

Reader praise of amateur models is a major consideration when determining layout candidates. In the meantime, Aryana (Twitter @aryanaXxX) has a four-page curtain call in *Best of Beaver Hunt*, now at newsstands.

Big Brother

I get your magazine and read Larry Flynt's editorials. As usual, you're off base. Sure, Big Brother is looking at you, but you don't seem to know who Big Brother is. The federal government has grown to monster size since your Chosen One became our President, along with his crooked attorney general, Eric Holder. Those two and all of Barack Obama's czars and choices for his Cabinet are the Big Brother who is after your ass. And, may I add, your money too.

I have a sneaking suspicion that you won't vote for him again. I would like to be a fly on the wall when you cast your ballot. **—C.S.**
Stuart, Florida

Never Too Late

I'm a longtime fan of the magazine, and I love it when you publish my letters. This one is in regard to the lovely April O'Neil [*Geek Goddess*] in the March '11 issue.

Does April have a fan club? I think I could be the geek she is looking for. I'm a total junkie for knowledge, I wear glasses, I'm thin, and my last IQ test scored me near the top. I have my own house and a hot tub in the backyard, but I did live in the basement of my parents' house until they passed away.

How can I reach this sexy geek goddess? I'd love to write her a letter. I would worship her over and over. **—Shawn Connelly**
Kansas City, Missouri

April O'Neil can be contacted via her blog (HeyItsApril.com) and Twitter account (@undeux).

Malena Morgan had one HUSTLER fan by the balls and gave us all hard-ons and heart attacks.

Like a Fine Wine

My wife has been after me to clean up and reduce my porn collection. I put this off as long as I could, but I stayed home recently and looked at every mag to see what I had to keep. Only two categories were off limits: Gina Lynn, my favorite porn star; and Elizabeth Ann Hilden, my favorite porn model.

Younger women are fine, but since I'm 59, middle-aged and older dolls really attract me. Some of my mags are 20 years old or more. When I put my collection back, I tried to keep those mags with gals 40 and 50 close to the ones with the twentysomethings. That way I can beat off to dolls of different ages at once.

I don't care if they are 20 or 60 as long as they turn me on. I was hard the entire time sorting through them. So I stopped and yanked away while staring at the likes of Mary Carey, Shyla Stylez, Candy Manson and Lacey Legends. I'll be watching for a lot more like these winners in your mag. **—Jim Smith**
Chicago, Illinois

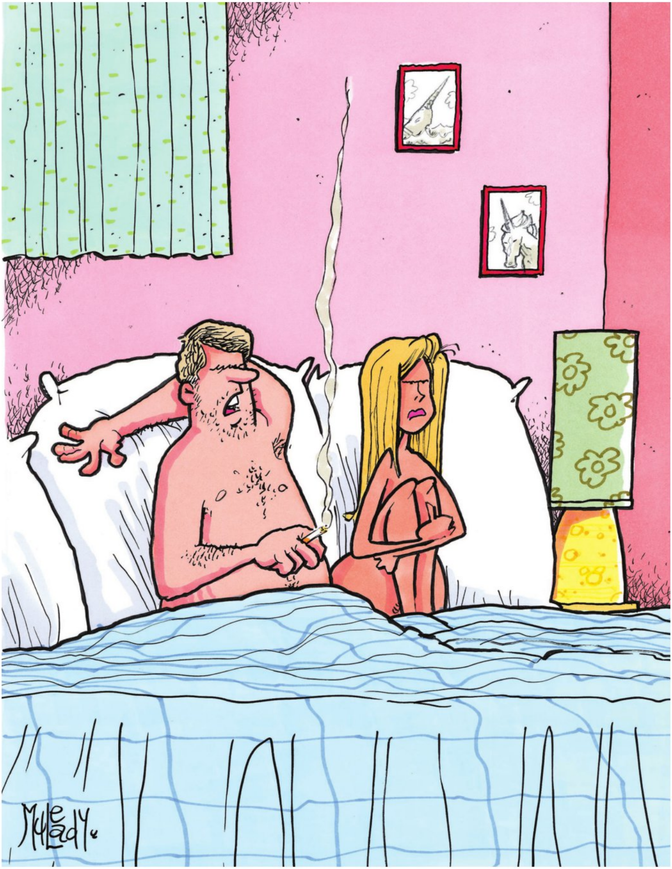
Bangin' Babes

I love your magazine, and your December '11 issue was no exception. Malena Morgan [*Sun Goddess*] is so fucking hot! I wanna fuck every hole in her near-perfect body. I mean, her tits could be bigger, but at least they're not disgustingly fake and/or lopsided. Her pussy lips look so nice and tight, I wanna stick my fingers, tongue and dick in there, in that order. I'm glad Malena has relocated to Southern California. Maybe she'll let me show that beautiful ass around. I'm sure she'd never want to return to Florida again. **—J.D.**
Montebello, California

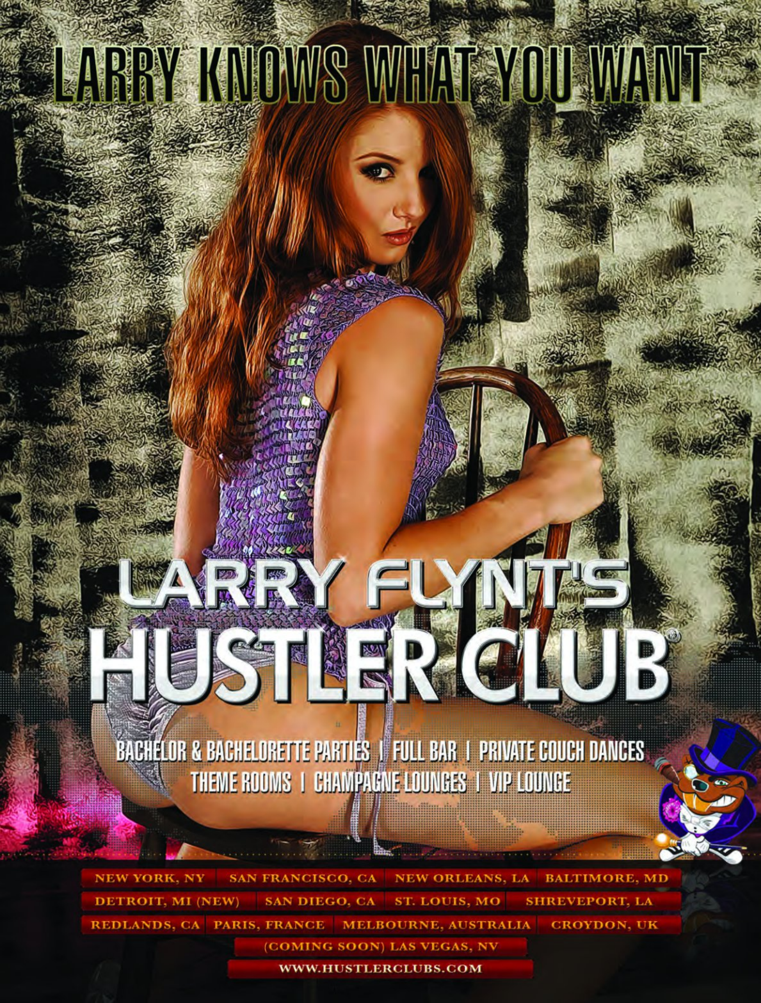
Divine Creation

Malena Morgan had me hypnotized the moment I laid eyes on her in HUSTLER's December '11 issue. She is absolutely stunning. I would dress up in a suit every day if it meant I could come home every night to come in her. I would be her willing sex slave as long as she'd let me lick every inch of her body before pummeling her with my fat, hard cock. I guess now I know there is a God, and He is good.
—Ken Chenard
Miami, Florida

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to *Hustler@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.



"I was gonna ask if it was good for you too, then I remembered I was a guy and don't give a fuck."



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CHASE: FUCK THE TROOPS, EARN REWARDS!

With Chase, getting rewards is easy. Just by using her Chase credit card, Sally Smith earned enough points to receive an all-expenses-paid trip to the Bahamas! It's too bad that Sally won't be able to go there. She's broke and homeless because while her husband was fighting in Afghanistan, we illegally foreclosed on the couple's house.

In order to offer a cool rewards plan, we have to keep costs down. We figured out a great way to do that: steal homes from soldiers! Military personnel are easy to take advantage of since they're distracted by all that combat stuff. To be honest, we thought most of them would get killed over there.

Unfortunately, Chase got caught violating the Service Members Civil Relief Act. We ignored this law—which safeguards active-duty soldiers against wrongful foreclosures and also mandates that they can't be charged more than 6% interest on their mortgages—so now we're paying a $56-million settlement. Damn, we had a good thing going there. But don't worry about us. Big banks always find reprehensible new ways to save money. That means more rewards for you!

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HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. It is a parody and commentary designed to call attention to the settlement reached between Chase and military personnel whose mortgages were mishandled by the bank. For more information, visit **BusinessWeek.com/News/2011-04-21/JPMorgan-Settles-Military-Mortgage-Suits-For-56-Million.html**. This parody ad may be reproduced in publications and on the Internet but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.

ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

OMG! This guy has loser written all over him! Sure, Representative Joe Walsh (R-Illinois) is a freshman member of the U.S. Congress making $174,000 a year, but just wait! The Tea Party champion will screw that up just the way he has screwed up everything else in his life. Really!

Walsh, a college graduate, seems reluctant to disclose much about his employment history. We can guess why: In the 1980s he gave acting a try, but that ended in abject failure. Other lackluster jobs followed. Although making $30,000 to $40,000 a year is nothing to be ashamed of, how Walsh handled that money is.

Since 1992 he has had several liens placed against him for failing to pay state and federal income taxes. (According to the Cook County Recorder of Deeds, the liens totaled nearly $25,000.) As regards his federal income taxes, Walsh failed to pay $2,239 in 1992 and $21,566 in 2004. But okay, shit happens. A guy can screw up. Ultimately he'll get his act together, right?

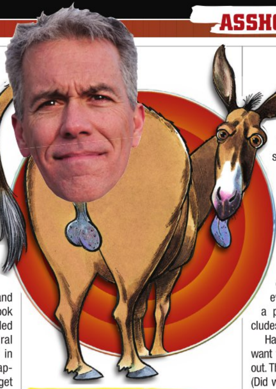
Maybe not. In 2009 Walsh lost his condo to foreclosure. Today the lawmaker is in debt to the tune of $317,498. (Walsh brags that he is the poorest member of Congress.) That doesn't count the $20,000 that Keith Liscio, his former campaign manager, sued him for in a salary dispute.

Then there's Walsh's first wife, Laura, who is suing him for $117,437 in back child support. This came to light when the blowhard congressman made his headline-grabbing remark about not raising the debt ceiling. "I won't place one more dollar of debt upon the backs of my kids and grandkids," Walsh bellowed, "unless we structurally reform the way this town [Washington, D.C.] spends money." He might have added, "Or if I'm not forced to pay child support."

The Irish Catholic Walsh has claimed he didn't have the money to make his child support payments. Maybe that's because he spent 35 grand of his own money on his 2010 election campaign. And because he took a couple of foreign vacations (Mexico and Italy), at least one of which is alleged to have been with a girlfriend. But hey, what's more important? Taking care of your kids? Or taking care of your girlfriend? Oh, right! Only a dirtbag would put his offspring in second place.

Then there's Walsh's driving record. According to the *Chicago Tribune*, he was cited 17 times for traffic offenses from 1989 to 2009. How do you do that?! You'd think that, after the first five or six citations, Walsh would stop to consider what he was doing wrong and maybe take his foot off the fucking gas pedal. Or stop parking in handicap zones. Or stop running over Girl Scouts. Or stop whatever the fuck he was actually doing to get all those tickets. Not this Asshole.

As a matter of fact, Walsh twice lost his driving privileges in 2008—for a total of nine months—because he'd failed to appear in court on traffic charges. You got that?! The dude couldn't even be bothered to show up in court. Twice! Then, in 2009—according to the Illinois secretary of state—Walsh was cited for driving with a suspended license. But here's the best part: Walsh's license was suspended again in April 2011 because he'd let his auto insurance lapse—*after* he'd been elected to Congress, where he's earning that aforementioned six-figure salary. Clearly, something in Walsh's brain is not firing in its proper sequence. Or maybe not firing at all.



REP. JOE WALSH

Need more examples? How about the conservative Republican's political positions? Walsh opposes government-provided healthcare. To give him his due, the newly elected representative, stating he wanted to be consistent with this position, refused to accept the Congressional healthcare benefits he is entitled to. Walsh made that decision even though his current wife, Helene, has a preexisting medical condition that precludes getting coverage on her own.

Hats off to Joe for that. Nevertheless, he may want to sleep with one eye open from here on out. Then again, maybe his wife is dick-whipped. (Did we just coin a new term?) Perhaps Helene will accept his abuse without complaint.

Here are some of Walsh's other dubious political positions:

- He believes the scientific research on global warming is "not definitive."
- He wants to cut Social Security and Medicare.
- He opposes extending unemployment benefits even though his own electoral district has 11% unemployment.
- He favors extending the Bush tax cuts for the rich.

So here's our question to the people of Illinois who elected Joe Walsh: Do you really want a colossal fuck-up like him making decisions on your behalf? Seriously!

Mark our words, the foregoing record reveals a man who has major issues. At a glance we'd say Walsh is self-destructive. That's okay if it's just his life he's fucking up. It's worse when it impacts others like, say, his two wives and five kids. But it's totally unacceptable when it impacts our country. Get Joe Walsh out of Congress! For all our sakes.

FARTS IN THE WIND

- **Christine Daniel**, a Southern California physician and Pentecostal minister, marketed an herbal supplement she promised could cure late-stage cancer, diabetes, Alzheimer's and a host of other diseases. Federal prosecutors believed otherwise. At Daniel's trial they produced expert testimony that the expensive "treatment," which had been promoted on a Trinity Broadcasting Network program, was totally useless. Daniel was convicted of defrauding more than 50 patients across the nation. Mostly evangelical Christians, they were cheated out of approximately $1 million. This giver of false hope now faces 150 years in prison, but we're sure those who were duped would prefer having Daniel languish in a much hotter place.
- The **Texas Commission on Environmental Quality** has caused a big stink thanks to accusations that it censored information about global warming in a report about Galveston Bay. This included an article written by the Houston Advanced Research Center's John B. Anderson, a professor of oceanography at Rice University. Anderson says the state agency deleted all references to climate change and sea-level rise. "I don't think these are contentious points—that's the sad part," he told the *New York Times*. "This is information that needs to be out there for the general public, for schoolteachers when they teach their kids." After a Texas lawmaker voiced concerns about watering down the report "without a valid explanation or alternative," TCEQ spokesman Andy Saenz countered, "Why should we include questionable information we don't agree with?" He failed to mention that the panel's members are appointed by Governor Rick Perry, who derides global warming as "an unproven scientific theory." We agree with Anderson's assessment: "It's all politics."

Emily Parker

Dani Daniels

Allie Haze

Sheridan Love

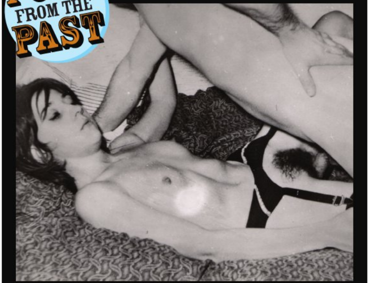
PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

EYEBALLING HOEDOWN

AdultCon 21 once again united superhot porn stars with the men and women who masturbate to their performances. The biannual event, held at the Los Angeles Convention Center, gave fans a chance to see their favorite heartthrobs in person. Attendees wandered from booth to booth, feasting their eyes on sexy Emily Parker, Dani Daniels and many others wearing as little as the law would allow.

"The only unnatural sex act is that which you cannot perform." —*ALFRED KINSEY, SEX RESEARCHER*

PORN FROM THE PAST



This chick doesn't seem to be into the proceedings. The floozie might be distracted by her lover's peculiar hand-on-ass thrusting technique. Or maybe she's worried that her son's runaway hamster is hiding in her overabundant bush. Thanks to J.S. of Rutland, Vermont, for this vintage photo. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's *Porn From the Past*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

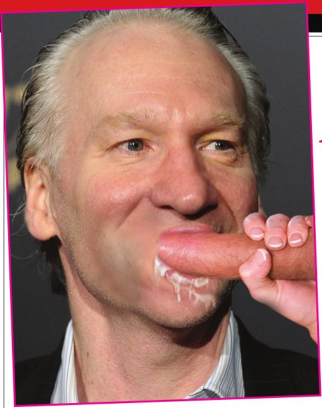
PHOTO BY ELIAZ RODRIGUEZ

PORN FROM THE HEARTLAND

HUSTLER fans in the Midwest are rejoicing. Following the recent opening of a HUSTLER Hollywood store in Cincinnati, three more welcomed their first customers in Minneapolis, Chicago and Cleveland. Larry Flynt himself took a tour of the new establishments, making appearances with HUSTLER models to meet fans and sign copies of his latest book, *One Nation Under Sex*. It'll be easier getting through those harsh Midwestern winters knowing that hot, sexy merchandise is only a short drive away.

CELEBRITY FANTASY

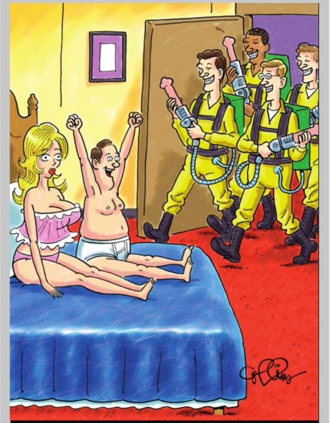
WHAT WOULD *Bill Maher* LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HIS MOUTH?



Bill Maher thinks he's better than us. He's smart and well-respected, hosts a successful talk show and has an endless parade of model girlfriends. Okay, fine, Bill Maher is better than us. Except for one little thing: his bizarre infatuation with neocon Ann Coulter. Although we're not sure if the rumors that Mr. Maher banged her are true, we did wonder what he'd look like with Coulter's dick in his mouth.

DISCLAIMER: No such picture of Bill Maher actually exists. Unless he had to blow someone to get his part in *Cannibal Women in the Avocado Jungle of Death*. Additionally, Ann Coulter does not have a penis. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose.

MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



"Yippee! It's the Cuntbusters!"

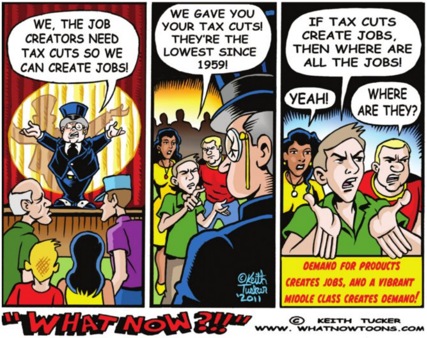
PHOTO BY LEE AUSTIN / EMMREPORT

HUSTLER BASH

Dylan Ryder, star of the new Bluebird Film release *Katwoman XXX*, hosted a premiere party at Larry Flynt's HUSTLER Club in Las Vegas. The sexy shindig featured specialty cupcakes, a vodka bar and—most importantly—plenty of pussy. Meow!

"We have reason to believe that man first walked upright to free his hands for masturbation." **—LILY TOMLIN, ACTRESS/HUMORIST**

"When the authorities warn you of the dangers of having sex, there is an important lesson to be learned. Do not have sex with the authorities." —MATT GROENING, CREATOR OF THE SIMPSONS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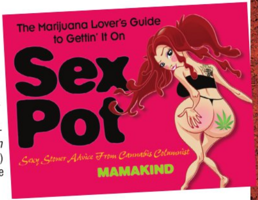
HUSTLER BOOK CLUB

The title of Mamakind's *Sex Pot: The Marijuana Lover's Guide to Gettin' It On* gives you a pretty damn good idea of what to expect inside. The author—*Skunk* magazine's pseudonymous sex columnist and a proud "bongslut"—offers advice about anal sex, swingers and edgy fare like "pussytoking" (the potentially dangerous practice of taking a bong hit vaginally). *Sex Pot: The Marijuana Lover's Guide to Gettin' It On* (Quick American Publishing, $14.95) is available at bookstores and online retailers.


The Marijuana Lover's Guide to Gettin' It On
Sex Pot
Sexy Stoner Advice From Cannabis Columnist
MAMAKIND

PIECE OF SHIT AWARD #27

TIMOTHY GEITHNER

Pulitzer Prize winner Ron Suskind's new book *Confidence Men* discloses damning information that confirms Treasury Secretary Tim Geithner is nothing but a big-banking crony. Geithner is so beholden to the banks that he was willing to disobey the President of the United States in order to do their bidding. In March 2009, Barack Obama called on Geithner to come up with a plan for dismantling and sensibly restructuring Citigroup, one of the too-big-to-fail banks that wrecked the economy. Geithner simply ignored Obama's request, squandering an opportunity to overhaul the troubled financial industry. Geithner's stunning disobedience proves that he doesn't have the people's interests at heart; he's only looking out for his banking buddies who no doubt will shower him with job offers once he leaves public office. For this and other reasons, we will continue to shit on Timmy's head until he either gets fired or resigns.

NEWSBITES

GHOSTLY GRABBER

A Malaysian resident turned to the police for help with an unusual problem: He claimed his wife was being raped by an invisible man. On several occasions the husband had witnessed his apparently sound-asleep spouse remove her clothing and fondle herself while moaning in ecstasy. Hubby consulted a psychic, who was convinced that the woman wasn't merely masturbating. The medium's theory? Someone was using a black magic spell to sneak into the couple's bedroom and bang the missus without being seen. This doesn't sound outrageous to us. One of our colleagues recently explained to his wife how an invisible spirit compelled him to spend the rent money on a Thai hooker and a pound of peyote.

FRENCH FORNICATION

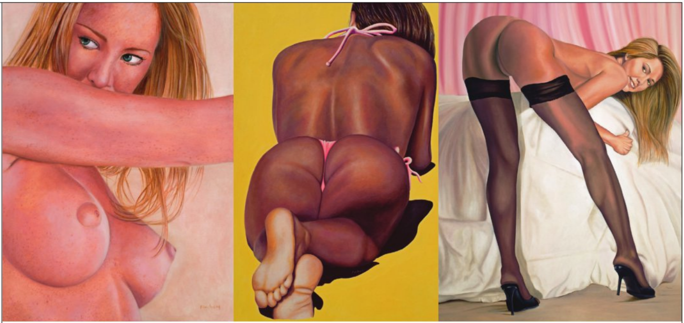
Following his divorce settlement, an unlucky Frenchman (is there any other kind?) was ordered to pay his ex-wife an additional 10,000 euros. Why? For failing to fuck her properly. It seems France has a law stipulating that married couples must maintain a sexual relationship. Neglecting to do so can result in a cash windfall for the unsatisfied partner. French married couples are also legally required to behave like assholes when traveling abroad and to publicly declare that "Jerry Lewis is a genius" at least once a month.

MR. EEL'S WILD RIDE

A Chinese dude went to a local spa for an unusual treatment: getting into a tub filled with live eels. Apparently, the slimy creatures eat away layers of dead skin. At some point, the spa patron felt something weird. He looked down in time to see a six-inch eel slither into his urethra. The guy was rushed to a hospital, where the eel was surgically removed from his bladder. The story ends well, though: The eel sold its life-story rights to Paramount, and a movie is in the works. James Franco will star as the eel, while Tom Hanks will portray the Chinese man's bladder.

FAKE WANG

Give lawmen credit: They're always coming up with new ways to entrap people on prostitution charges. Take Florida, where officers aren't allowed to expose their genitals during an undercover operation. Knowing this, Sunshine State hookers ask prospective clients to reveal their cocks before negotiating a price. In response, an innovative copper stuffed a fake wang in his pants and whipped it out when he found a suspected hooker. The prosthetic penis was enough to fool the woman, who was swiftly arrested. Good work, law enforcement! We're glad that tax dollars are funding fake cock purchases instead of something frivolous—like combating gang violence.



SOFT BODIES AND A HARD LIFE

Eschewing digital technology, Douglas Fincham creates his masterpieces the old-fashioned way: He attacks a canvas with brushes and paint. Fincham discovered his love of art at an early age, but a hardscrabble life kept him from pursuing it as a vocation until his later years. Now with his troubles in the rearview mirror, Fincham churns out colorful paintings for hotels, restaurants and private clients. His diverse subject matter includes landscapes, flowers and nude women. We're guessing it's more fun painting a pussy than a pussy willow.

To see more of the Californian's creations or to purchase any that catch your eye, visit **DouglasFinchamArt.com**.

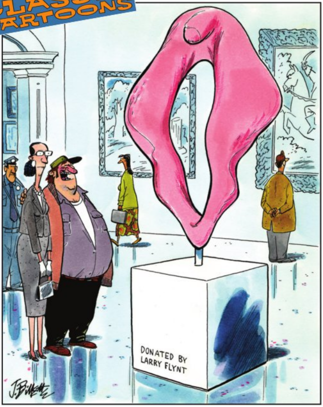
BOWLING FOR BONERS

(L to R) Jeska Vardinski, Sami Sorrentino, Devon Lee and Sensi Pearl

Bowling alleys aren't just the favorite hangout of Homer Simpson and The Dude of *Big Lebowski* fame. Apparently, they're also a great place to ogle naked porn chicks—that is, if you're in the right spot at the right time. The charitable organization Protecting Adult Welfare (PAW) recently hosted a "Bare Bowling" event in Southern California's San Fernando Valley. More than 100 lucky keglers got the opportunity to roll strikes alongside striking XXX knockouts like Devon Lee, Larkin Love and Sensi Perl. As the evening wore on, the gals' clothing came off. PAW, by the way, provides assistance and guidance to those who toil in the adult industry.

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

"I'm a bad lover. Once I caught a peeping Tom booing me." —RODNEY DANGERFIELD, COMEDIAN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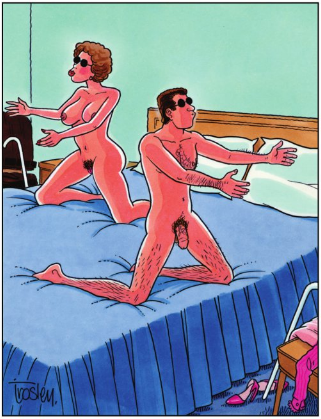
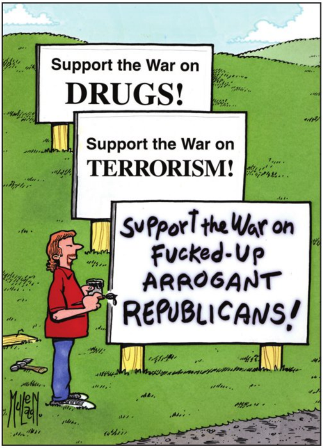
"Lady, now *that's* fuckin' art!"

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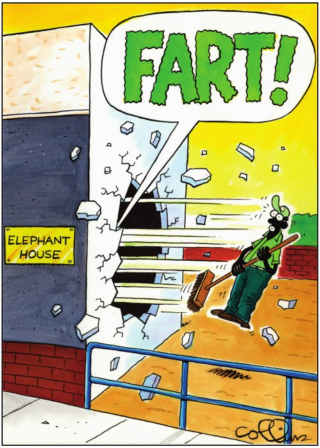
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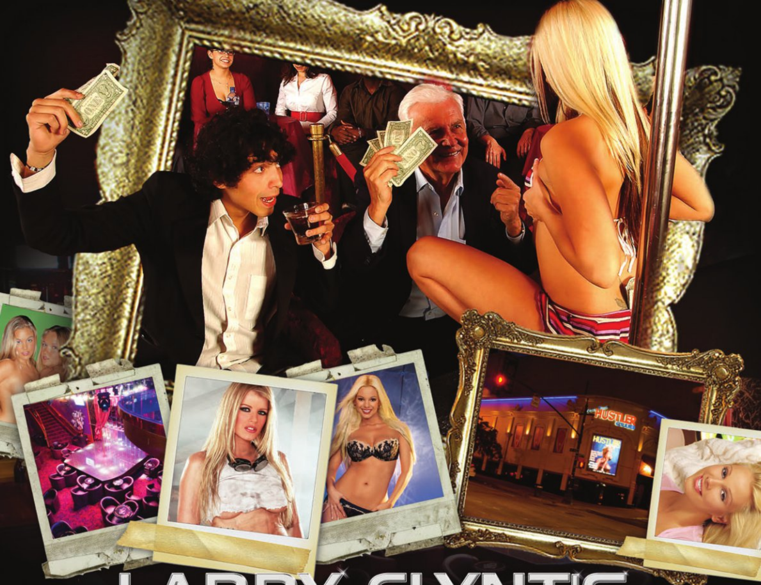

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ETHEREAL BEAUTY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LADI VON JANSKY

Stevie Shae is an emotional young woman. "I feel things really deeply," admits the spanking-new model whose passions have sometimes overwhelmed her at the wrong time or in the wrong place.

"My boyfriend and I went to a drive-in movie theater—yes, there's still one in San Jose—and we were really early," **Stevie** remarks while sharing her most memorable sexual encounter. "We had some time to kill, so we started going at it in the backseat—sideways, backwards, upside-down, every way we could get his dick in. It was the craziest crowded sex I've ever had—until we were interrupted by a guy who wanted to check our tickets!"

Although certainly adventurous, **Stevie** refuses to classify herself as wild. Her version of a perfect evening is far tamer than you might imagine: "It's nothing too extravagant. I'd just like to come home from a full day's work to find my guy waiting with a delicious dinner and a finely rolled blunt. I'm not a crazy party girl, so when I'm in my little cave, that's where I'm most comfortable."

Stevie likes to unwind with music (Adele, Lil Wayne and Nicki Minaj are a few favorites) or one of her beloved television shows. "I get my dose of Adult Swim almost every night," notes the die-hard fan of the Cartoon Network's eclectic block of humorous programming. "My other faves are *Family Guy* and *King of the Hill*."

Looking to the future, **Stevie** isn't sure what she'll end up doing. Nevertheless, the barely legal babe does have clarity about what she'd like to avoid: "I don't want to work a 9-to-5 day and waste my life away. I only have this one life, and I want to experience everything I possibly can. The world is our oyster; it's our job to find the pearl."

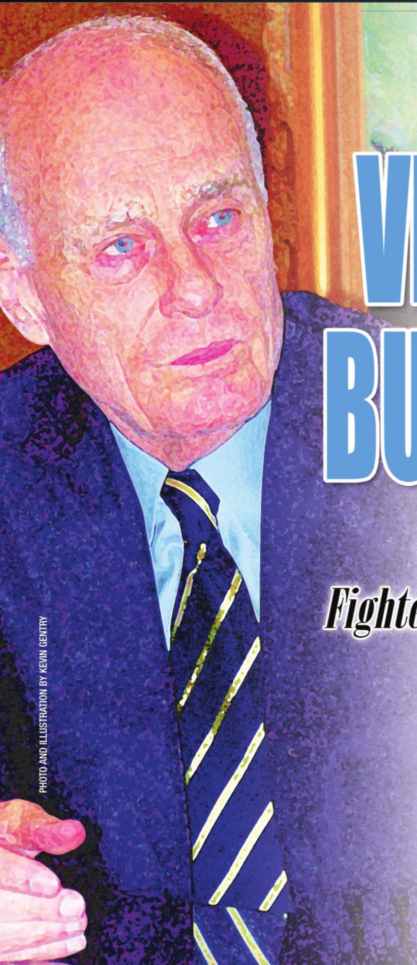
STEVIE'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: San Jose, California | AGE: 18 | BIRTH SIGN: Scorpio | HEIGHT: 5-5 | WEIGHT: 115

INTERVIEW BY KIMBERLY CHENG

THE Q&A

VINCENT BUGLIOSI

The Onetime Crime Fighter Wages War With Bush and Religion



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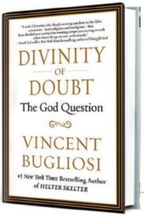
DIVINITY
OF
DOUBT
The God Question
VINCENT
BUGLIOSI
#1 New York Times Bestselling Author
of HELTER SKELTER

As a Los Angeles County prosecutor, Vincent Bugliosi had a perfect record in murder convictions. He is best remembered for the Sharon Tate/Charles Manson case. Of the 106 felony cases he tried, Bugliosi lost only one. Since leaving public service, he has written 11 books on crime, three of which have topped the *New York Times* bestsellers list. His first, *Helter Skelter*—which chronicled every aspect of the Manson Family's gruesome 1969 killing spree—went on to become the biggest-selling true-crime book in publishing history. Also enjoying critical acclaim, Bugliosi is a three-time recipient of the Edgar award, the highest literary honor devoted exclusively to the crime-and-mystery genre.

Outraged by the deaths of U.S. servicemen and civilians during the Iraq War, Bugliosi penned *The Prosecution of George W. Bush for Murder*. In a startling departure from the subjects of law and government, Bugliosi's latest book—*Divinity of Doubt: The God Question*—takes aim at organized religion, specifically the Bible. He stopped by HUSTLER recently to discuss his efforts to indict Bush and why he believes *Divinity of Doubt* will shake the very foundations of Christianity.

HUSTLER: What has happened since *The Prosecution of George W. Bush for Murder* was published in 2008?

VINCENT BUGLIOSI: This project about prosecuting Bush for murder is still very much alive. We have a documentary based on the book that will be going into postproduction very soon, hopefully for the big screen. But much more importantly than the book or the documentary is a 96-page report on every conceivable legal defense that George W. Bush, Condoleezza Rice and [Dick] Cheney could possibly raise to a criminal indictment against them.

I don't want this to be misinterpreted in any way, but you should not be shocked if, within a year, there's an article saying a criminal grand jury investigation has been launched against George W. Bush. It will not be on a federal level. [President Barack] Obama has already shown he has no courage to do this. He told George Stephanopoulos, "I don't want to look at the past. I want to look at the future." What Obama calls looking at the past, I call justice. Every criminal prosecution, without exception, is for past criminal behavior. I mean you can't prosecute someone for what they might do in the future.

I want to make clear: I have no firm commitment on this. I'm not saying there's going to be a prosecution. What I'm telling you is I'm making progress, and it's very much alive. I do not want this guy to get away with murder. George W. Bush, in my opinion, is responsible for the murder of over 4,500 American soldiers and well over 100,000 innocent Iraqi men, women, children and babies—and he's enjoying life to the fullest.

You said a grand jury investigation isn't going to be conducted at the federal level. What does that mean?

Preferably it would be done on a federal level, but [U.S. Attorney General Eric] Holder and Obama are totally out of it. The 50 state attorneys general I've contacted aren't willing to go ahead. If this happens, it will be at a local level. It will be from one of the district attorneys in this country.

If this is taken to a grand jury—and I would probably be the one doing that—almost assuredly after the indictment, this case would go all the way up to the U.S. Supreme Court. They don't have the power in their legal arsenal to prevent the indictment, as far as I know. They would have the power to prevent the case from going forward by coming up with some cockamamie legal argument like they did in *Bush* v. *Gore*, the [Equal] Protection Clause, which was nonsense and didn't apply. But they can't just say we don't like this case. So this case would be taken under submission, and when the [Supreme] Court issues an opinion—probably the longest opinion in the history of the Court—we'll already have at least two against us: Justice Antonin Scalia and Justice Clarence Thomas. I can say publicly that they're disgraces to the legal profession.

Chief Justice John G. Roberts and Justice Samuel Alito most likely will be against us. It will probably come down to Justice Anthony Kennedy. I guess the nation would be divided at that point. The main thing is getting this guy [George W. Bush] into a courtroom and letting an American jury decide whether he is guilty or not of murder.

Tell us about your new book.

Divinity of Doubt: The God Question is the most explosive, revolutionary book that's come down, within memory, in the area of God and religion. In my book, I demolish Richard Dawkins, who is the number one atheist in the world—the ayatollah of atheism, according to the *L.A. Times*. He wrote *The God Delusion* and sold a million-and-a-half copies. He's trying to be serious, and this is what he said: "Since the universe is so extremely complex, for there to be a God, he'd have to be more complex than the universe he created. I find that highly improbable." That is such a vapid argument. It's childlike.

You've said your book will shake the very foundations of Christianity.

If accepted as true, yes. I'm not the brightest guy in the world, but for whatever reason I seem to see what's right in front of me in its pristine condition, uninfluenced by reputation or hoopla whereas most people see what they expect to see, what they want to see, what conventional wisdom tells them to see.

Frank Schaeffer, one of the founders of the Religious Right, grew up in a family that was immersed in Christianity, God, etc. His father was a top theologian when he died; [President Ronald] Reagan praised him to the heavens. Frank Schaeffer's mother was a missionary. Schaeffer himself was a theologian and a preacher. He gave a review of my book, and it's very telling what he said: "I found myself walking around the house following my wife reading passages to her." Schaeffer left the

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Religious Right years ago because he found out something that I've been saying for years. They [the Religious Right] are anti-American.

I testified before the House Judiciary Committee for the Bush book. Republicans tried to shut me down, so members of the media came up to me later and asked why. I said, "I'll tell you why: They're more Republican than they are American. They pledge allegiance to the Republican Party, not the American flag."

***Divinity of Doubt* challenges the concept of free will.**

You hear people say all the time that God gives all of us free will. If you challenge them, they say, "It's in the Bible." Well, in doing research for this book, I found out that contrary to popular belief, the Bible does not say there's free will. In fact, it says the precise opposite. Do you recognize the enormous ramifications of this?

If there's no free will, then a murderer can't be held accountable because God directed him to do it.

Absolutely. How do you explain God's punishment of evildoers—not just in our life here, but in the afterlife—if what they did was preordained by God? Romans 11:32 goes so far as to say that God "consigns all men to disobedience."

Here's another point in the book: the immortality of the soul. It turns out immortality of the soul was a pure invention of Plato in the 4th century B.C. that Christianity was forced to embrace because without the immortality of the soul, there's no life after death. The body doesn't survive, and without life after death there's no Heaven and Hell. I would pose the rhetorical question: How does Christianity survive without Heaven and Hell? This is what they offer or threaten their followers with.

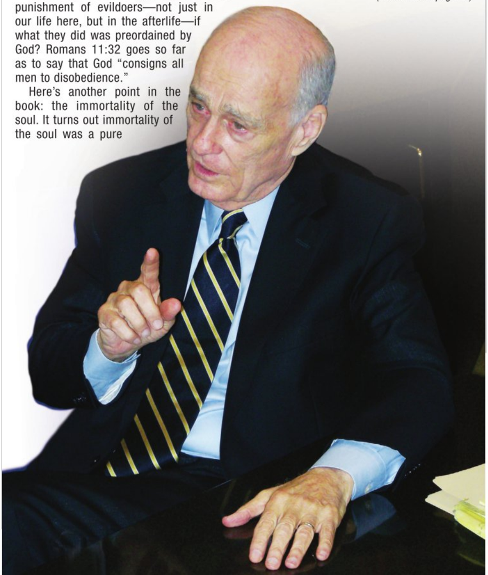
Is it your position that the Bible is BS?

No. I'm simply saying that if you base what you're saying—the free will—on the Bible, well, that's not what the Bible says. I'm not attacking the Bible. I'm attacking Christianity.

But you're pointing out discrepancies within the Bible.

That raises an interesting point because Judaism and Christianity believe that every word of the Bible is inspired by God. The problem there is, if every word is inspired by God, how can there be so many contradictions? How can he inspire one author of one Bible book to say something that is in direct contradiction with another passage he [God] also supposedly inspired?

(continued on page 85)



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BY MATT HOGE

KENDRA HOLLIDAY

CANNED FOR CANDOR

BEING A SLUT ON THE INTERNET COULD JEOPARDIZE YOUR LIVELIHOOD.

ALL PHOTOS BY CONNIE LaFLAM COURTESY THE BEAUTIFULKIND.COM

The freedom to blog occasionally carries a heavy price tag. Kendra Holliday's Web site—**TheBeautifulKind.com**—cost the St. Louis divorcée her job, several friendships and possibly even custody of her only child.

What shocking content led to this retaliation? Was Kendra describing how to build a suitcase bomb or delivering racist rants? Nope. The thirtysomething's life was undone because she had the audacity to write about her own sex life. "Human beings are animals," Kendra states. "We have a need for food, shelter, oxygen and sex. To me, sex is as important as eating."

The uninhibited Missouri native wants to encourage Americans to their sex lives. Kendra explains: "We put ourselves in cubicles, monogamous marriages, all these boxes. We're putting ourselves in a zoo, and we become really miserable because our bodies are not meant to be monogamous."

Kendra continues, "All this time, for centuries, women were kept on lockdown and not allowed to be sluts, but the men were kind of allowed to do that. And then in the past century there's been this change where we say, 'Okay, the men need to be on lockdown too.' That was a step in the wrong direction. We should've said, 'Okay, let's let women be sluts too.'"

> **"We put ourselves in cubicles, monogamous marriages, all these boxes. We're putting ourselves in a zoo, and we become really miserable because our bodies are not meant to be monogamous."**

Kendra launched The Beautiful Kind in 2006. Initially it was a place for occasional musings on her personal existence. When a blog about Kendra's sex life brought a spike in traffic, the Web site evolved. "It morphed into an online community," Kendra recalls, "like a safe haven for perverts."

Kendra is at home among amorously curious, unconventional and open-minded people. "I'm a try-sexual," she boasts. "I like to learn about a fetish and then go out and try it, but there's a fear factor element when I'm doing these things." For example, one of her most eye-opening posts documented Kendra's first time getting fisted, with photos included.

Kendra's love life now centers around a man she calls Beast, and anything they attempt is fodder for the site. "I have this weird rule," Kendra confides, "that if I ever experience something, and I think I don't want other people to know about that, then that's a sign that I should share it.

"For instance, my partner had an amazing threesome at a bar after hours, and it was really hot. He texted me pictures of it, but the next day I had this totally jealous freak-out, and I'm not that person. We're polyamorous and have an open relationship, so that was a really weird moment. I felt very vulnerable. So I wrote about the whole thing on my site."

Sometimes The Beautiful Kind ventures into dark territory. "One time my partner put his finger in my butt, and he touched my doo-doo," Kendra elaborates. "That's embarrassing, but I wanted to put it up there because I know other people have had that happen too. I mean, shit happens."

By 2010, Kendra's Web site was gaining fans, but it wasn't making money. She took an office job with a nonprofit, and it seemed like a good fit. That is, until her boss decided to conduct Google searches on employees. Although the working mom had labored to maintain anonymity— Kendra Holliday is a pseudonym, and photos were carefully cropped to conceal her face—the background check dug up The Beautiful Kind and who was running it. The blog that was up at the time was fairly shocking.

"We'd had this amazing threesome and did this teacher role-playing," Kendra spells out. "It was really dirty, and there was a butt plug. My poor boss, she was very conservative. It must've given her a heart attack."

Kendra was fired in April 2010. "I thought they were paying me for eight hours a day," she recalls. "When you're working for someone, they're paying you for your work during that time, but I don't think it's right for someone to own you 24 hours a day. That's slavery; that's not cool."

Upon being canned, Kendra felt sad and confused. "It was like someone went through my underwear drawer without my permission," she describes. Kendra went into hiding, briefly taking the Web site down as well.

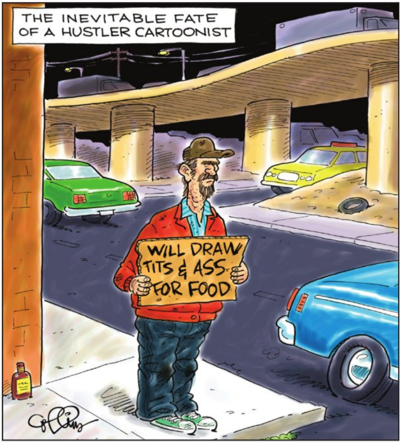
However, after discussing it with many people, Kendra decided that she didn't want to lay low any longer. Instead, she caused a media frenzy in St. Louis by putting a face and name to the

Web site. For the first time, Kendra publicly acknowledged that she was behind The Beautiful Kind.

Kendra didn't have to wait long for the backlash. Several friends and acquaintances abandoned her, saying she was "notorious now." For Kendra, the worst of it was when things impacted her role as a parent. She was forced to step down as cookie captain of her preteen daughter's Girl Scouts troop, and the child's friends were forbidden by their parents to visit the Holliday house. Despite initially being supportive, her ex-husband decided to sue for full custody.

"It was a huge shock to my system," Kendra confides. "I'm very freaked out about it because I feel like it's yet another occasion where my being honest about myself, being open about my sexuality got me punished again."

Although anxious about the upcoming custody battle, Kendra wasn't intimidated into dismantling the Web site. Quite the opposite: In fact, she's given it a face-lift. Kendra hopes that The Beautiful Kind might someday provide her with a decent living, but she also senses that her online endeavor has a greater purpose: "I feel strongly that I need to keep being this way. I keep getting punished for it, but this is my mission."



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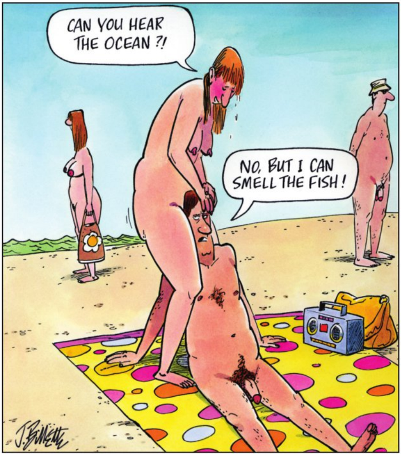

CAN YOU HEAR THE OCEAN ?!
NO, BUT I CAN SMELL THE FISH !
J. Bennett

MCKENZIE SWEET

CALLING THE SHOTS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

McKenzie Sweet likes things her way. "I'm very particular about everything I do," she insists. "There's a way I want things—whether it's what I'm eating or wearing or how I'm fucking. I really like to get my way."

That's especially true in the bedroom, where **McKenzie** isn't shy about letting dudes know what to do. "I'm very vocal," she admits. "I like talking during sex, telling a guy to go faster or to slow down or try a new position. I like being the sex conductor."

In keeping with her detail-oriented persona, **McKenzie** deliberated long and hard before settling on her stage name. "I like the *Sweet* part because, even though I can be demanding, I'm still sweet! I chose **McKenzie** because it's not what you would expect. I bet there aren't a lot of black girls named McKenzie!"

The knockout's interests include traveling (Hawaii is her top destination), music (the rap collective Odd Future really gets her going) and sports. "I love watching football with guys," says **McKenzie**, who's a particularly big fan of the New York Giants. "It turns me on seeing how guys get so into the game, how they yell at the screen and get all worked up over it."

Based on the visual evidence before us, we're guessing **McKenzie Sweet** doesn't need much help to get a roomful of guys excited.

MCKENZIE'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: New York, New York | AGE: 25 | BIRTH SIGN: Taurus | HEIGHT: 5-5 | WEIGHT: 120

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BY SCOTT FAYNER

PORN & ROCK

A MUTUAL ATTRACTION

THE ARTICLE THAT ANSWERS THE QUESTION WHO'S ON WHOSE "LET'S FUCK!" PLAYLIST

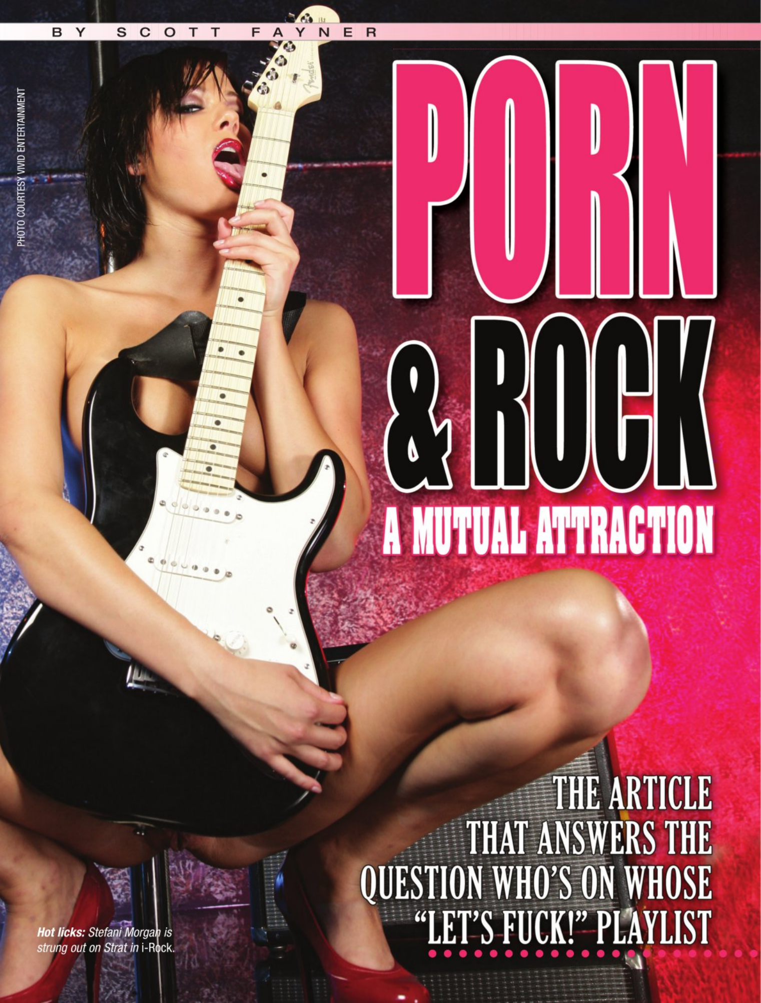


PHOTO COURTESY VIVID ENTERTAINMENT

Hot licks: *Stefani Morgan is strung out on Strat in* i-Rock.

Rock stars have the perfect life. They make shitloads of money, travel first-class around the world, take massive amounts of drugs with zero repercussions, get away with murder—in some cases literally—and have millions of adoring fans.

They also fuck a lot of chicks. But after years on the road, many famously horny musicians grow tired of screwing a different (but same-old, same-old) groupie every night. Instead, they search for certified professional fuckers to satisfy their advanced sexual appetites.

Enter the porn star.

Since big-name rockers are treated to the finest of everything, it should be no surprise that XXX superstar Jenna Jameson was at the top of more than one musical heavy hitter's list of must-have pussy. After meeting in 1997 at the premiere of the Howard Stern movie *Private Parts,* in which she had a brief nude scene, Jenna and shock-rocker Marilyn Manson shared a brief sexual liaison they each wrote about in their respective autobiographies. In her account—2004's *How to Make Love Like a Porn Star: A Cautionary Tale*—Jameson describes Manson as being "massively endowed." In an interview with the *Daily Star*, she disclosed his penchant for anal sex but confessed that "he was just too big to go there. Every time we were naked, he'd be going for my butt like a rat to cheese. He was obsessed with anal. He even tried it the first time we went to bed."

In 1998, Jenna was again linked to a rock god, this time Mötley Crüe's well-hung drummer Tommy Lee. Although Lee came out and revealed that the two had in fact boned, Jenna insisted to Howard Stern that they were "just friends" and had never had sex…not that the legendary drummer hadn't been trying.

Around this time, Jameson was also linked to Godsmack singer Sully Erna, who in 1991 had reportedly shared a bed with adult veteran Seka. After marrying Jay Grdina in 2002 then splitting from him in 2006, Jenna found solace with another celebrity rock 'n' roll rebel, Jane's Addiction guitarist Dave Navarro, who was fresh off a divorce from Carmen Electra. Although joined at the crotch for many months, the dirty duo's heat soon evaporated. Jameson would later jump into the sack with two more music luminaries—punk hottie Joan Jett and Puff Daddy protégé Aubrey O'Day—before finally settling down with UFC tough guy Tito Ortiz.

Jesse Jane has frequently been described as porn's version of Pamela Anderson—blond hair, big tits and a bubbly personality—so it makes perfect sense that during the mid-2000s the popular smut siren seduced the exact same men as her celebrity counterpart. Tommy Lee came first for Jesse, just as he had with Anderson. In 2004, Jesse told Howard Stern that she and Lee were merely fuck buddies, citing his superior sexual proficiency as the main reason she continued the fling, adding "he's such a sweet guy and full of energy."

During a delay at the Las Vegas airport following the 2005 *AVN* expo, this reporter witnessed Lee inch up to Jesse as they waited for their flight back to L.A. He made puppy dog faces while begging her to call him. Unbeknownst to Lee, Jesse was pursuing another of Pam Anderson's musical boy toys, Kid Rock. Later that year, Jesse broke it off with Rock to marry fellow porn performer Rick Patrick in Vegas.

It must have something to do with the blazing fingers 'cause Jayme Langford—former HUSTLER Magazine covergirl and leader of the all-porn-girl rock outfit Pajamaband—sure loves hanging with lead guitarists. First it was the sinister digits of Marilyn Manson ax slinger Twiggy probing the young trim's privates in 2008. "Twiggy didn't know initially that I was in the porn biz," Jayme reminisces, but she adds "he was very happy I had so many beautiful girlfriends for him to play with."

Following the couple's split, Jayme was inspired to write a song titled "Fuck You Until You Die."

Next in line for Ms. Langford was Dave Navarro. The two had met while working on Teravision's *Ferocious*. At first, the strawberry-blond twinkie reckons she "kinda thought [Dave] was a tool, and I didn't really talk to him until he came to see me play at the Key Club." Eventually, the persistent six-string virtuoso reeled her in.

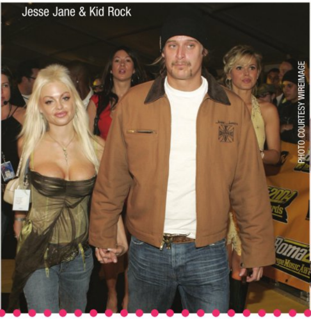
"Dave was probably the first Pajamaband groupie," Jayme trumpets. "It was about time I got laid with this band!"

Navarro, Jayme estimates, has "slept with at least 75% of the girls" in the porn business. The rocker's list of XXX-rated conquests rivals those of some seasoned industry swordsmen: Brittney Skye, Jessica Jaymes, Stormy Daniels, Sasha Grey, Brooke Haven and Joanna Angel. Although their love didn't make it into the new decade, Navarro does have a permanent reminder of his brief fling with the aspiring musical babe. It's a tattoo inscribed "JMFL," short for Jayme Motherfucking Langford. How romantic!

Musical madmen really had a thing for Janine Lindemulder, the former Vivid Video star best known as the ex-wife of Jesse James, who is now the ex-husband of Sandra Bullock. Long before the West Coast Choppers founder hooked up with Lindemulder, there

Dave Navarro & Jayme Langford

PHOTO COURTESY GETTY IMAGES



Jesse Jane & Kid Rock

PHOTO COURTESY WIREIMAGE

Evan Seinfeld & Tera Patrick

PHOTO COURTESY FILMMAGIC

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was a string of dirty rockers who had their way with her: Poison's Bret Michaels, Warrant's late Jani Lane, L.A. metal-scene veteran and television host Riki Rachtman, Mark Hoppus of Blink-182 (Janine appeared in a video and graced the cover of the band's 1999 album *Enema of the State*) and Vince Neil. The Mötley Crüe vocalist took things a bit further, though, popping up in a 1998 homemade sex tape with Lindemulder and a blurred-out model. Vivid Entertainment released it as *Janine & Vince Neil: Hardcore & Uncensored.*

After a nasty divorce from Jesse James, losing custody of her daughter and going to jail for tax evasion, Janine's rock stock plummeted. Last we heard, she was hitched to a skinhead meth cooker she'd met in a court-ordered halfway house.

Next up is Kendra Jade, the former Vivid Girl-turned-reality television star, whose most recent stints include VH1's *Sober House* and *Sex Rehab With Dr. Drew*. "I'm not gonna lie," she bellows. "I've fucked a lot of rock stars over the years."

Kendra has been under the media's spotlight for more than a decade. She was accused of ending the marriage of Britney Spears and Kevin Federline thanks to a 2006 weekend with the wannabe rapper in Las Vegas. Kendra performed in the infamous hidden camera sex tape with her stepmother—Kelly Jade—and talk show host Jerry Springer, whom Kendra dated in 1998. She's also had nearly every famous rock cock inside her. No wonder Kendra told *Metal Sludge* magazine in 1999 to "ask me which [rock stars] I haven't banged!"

Kendra's noteworthy sexmates include—let me catch my breath—Sebastian Bach, Bret Michaels, Eminem, Joey Fatone, Tommy Lee, B-Real, Dave Navarro and Faster Pussycat's Taime Downe. But that's the past. Today Kendra is the wife of future rock legend Lukas Rossi, who won the 2006 television competition *Rock Star Supernova.*

"Those were some crazy times," Kendra Jade Rossi tells me in regard to her unabashed sexual

A: Stefani Morgan (with Barry Scott) in i-Rock. *B: Kendra Jade in* The Sopornos #2*; photo courtesy VCA Pictures. C: Jesse Jane (with Scott Nails) in* Jesse Jane: Homework*; photo courtesy DigitalPlayground.com. D: Jayme Langford (with Alexandra) in* Barely Legal #76*; photo courtesy HUSTLER Video. E: Jenna Jameson (with Jay Grdina a/k/a Justin Sterling) in* Burn. *F: Tera Patrick (with Evan Seinfeld a/k/a Spyder Jonez) in* Sex in Dangerous Places. *G: Janine Lindemulder (with Steven St. Croix) in* Pipe Dreams. *H: Savannah (with Jamie Summers) in* House of Sleeping Beauties #2.

endeavors. "I'm just glad I made it through all that garbage to find my true shining star—Lukas!" Kendra and the Canadian-born musician have been married since May 2007.

Tommy Lee—who seems to have invaded every smokin'-hot skank from hell's highway—hardly needed any game to wrangle the then-20-year-old Stefani Morgan at a Vivid party in January 2006. Until that point, the jizz-gulping beauty's carnal ambitions teetered only on the second tier of celebrity. Her conquests included Rick Salomon, Wilmer Valderrama, Jesse Metcalfe and 'N Sync's JC Chasez. (Ouch!) With Lee, however, Stefani had finally landed a big-time star. She was happy but not *too* happy.

"He's not the biggest guy I've been with," Stefani divulged to *FHM* in '06. Lee, who dumped her shortly thereafter, continues to plow his way through life with many other notable babes, including porn's own Brooke Haven.

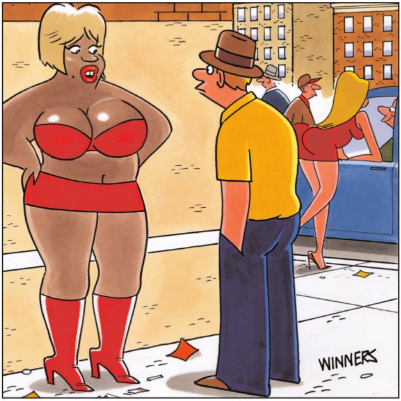
Savannah may have died young, but the bodacious hottie gave new meaning to the word *groupie*. Starting with Gregg Allman in the late 1980s, Savannah moved on to become notches on the belts of David Lee Roth, Billy Idol, Riki Rachtman, Vince Neil, bassist Billy Sheehan and Slash.

In his 2007 autobiography, *Slash*, the legendary ax man exposed the platinum blonde's darker side: "Savannah was intense. I had no idea she was a junkie. The clue I should have picked up on was that she only liked to fuck after she'd fixed." Savannah continued to sleep around following her 1992 fling with the ex-Guns 'N Roses lead guitarist. Not long before committing suicide in 1994 at age 23, Savannah was seen jumping around with House of Pain's Danny Boy.

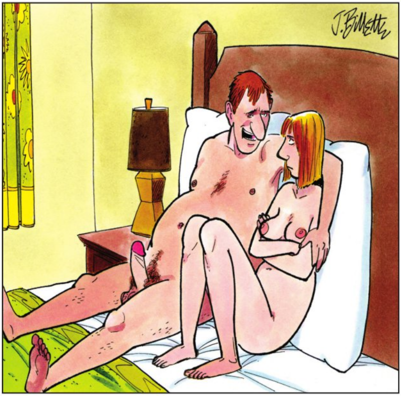
While it's usually the porn chick who has the most to gain from banging a rock star, the opposite was true with Tera Patrick and her former husband, Evan Seinfeld. When they met in 2001, Tera was a much bigger star than the Biohazard frontman. Following the couple's wedding, Seinfeld a/k/a Spyder Jonez crossed the line. He plunged into the sex industry both as a performer and director, all but forgetting his roots as a rocker. Now divorced and forced to fend for himself, Seinfeld is resurrecting his musical career. He's fronted several bands of varying success while making time to bone his current skin-trade slut, Lupe Fuentes.

Wherever you find bored rock stars in search of premier sex, that's where the porn stars will be, waiting patiently for their turn at genuine celebrity and a chance to become the next Mrs. Rock Star. Chances are they'll never achieve their ultimate objective, but it sure is fun to watch.

Massachusetts native Scott Fayner currently resides in Boston, where he primarily writes about porn and pooches—but never at the same time. Besides contributing to HUSTLER, *K9 Magazine*, *Technology Review* and other media, Fayner quarterbacks his online dog publication **MassArf.com**.



"If you want to fuck me without a condom, that's fine with me, but I'm not responsible for any disease you take home to your wife."



"I forgot to bring any condoms, but I insist on being responsible. You probably should just blow me!"

BLOSSOMING BEAUTY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL FOR SUZE.NET

EMMA MAE

To the delight of men everywhere, **Emma Mae** is coming out of her shell. "I used to be pretty shy," the mouthwatering vixen asserts. "I'm still not the most outgoing girl in the world, but I'm definitely taking a lot more risks."

Looking back, **Emma** reveals, "I was a late bloomer. I wasn't an ugly duckling in school, but I wasn't on the radar of the popular crowd." However, things started to change during her last two years of high school. Boys (and teachers) began to pay more attention. "It gave me a lot of confidence," **Emma** tells us. "I even tried out for cheerleading."

Lo and behold, **Emma** didn't make the grade jumping around in a short skirt. But after turning 18, she decided on an even more audacious pursuit—adult entertainment. "I didn't take the full plunge right away," **Emma** recalls. "First I took some nude pictures with a friend of mine, something really low-key. We started off joking around about it, but I actually had a lot of fun."

Following that initial amateur experience, **Emma** began modeling nude for professional photographers. Before long she got the urge to do sex flicks. "The first movies I shot were pretty tame," **Emma** discloses. "But once I realized I was comfortable with the job, it really freed me up!"

The lovely **Emma Mae** certainly looks comfortable to us.

EMMA'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Wilmington, North Carolina | AGE: 20 | BIRTH SIGN: Virgo | HEIGHT: 5-6 | WEIGHT: 110

FLYNT VAULT
HUSTLER Loves Blondes

Emma Mae is lights out in *This Ain't Cougar Town XXX*, *Flynt Vault: HUSTLER Loves Blondes* and *Barely Legal #111* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit **HustlerHollywood.com** or go to page 124 to order by mail.

BOOK REVIEW BY CRIS DEVINE

NICE

Latex Fashion Photography
slick · shiny · sexy
GOLIATH

AND TIGHT

LATEX FASHION PHOTOGRAPHY IS A TREASURE TROVE OF FETISH, FANTASY AND FABULOUS FELINES.

Latex Fashion Photography: Slick, Shiny, Sexy from Goliath Books contains nearly 400 colorful pages of hot, haute babes wearing rubber, latex, spandex, PVC and other skintight, glossy fabrics. But it's far from a typical collection of alluring pictures. What sets the book apart is that trendy clothing designers teamed up with renowned fetish photographers to transform gorgeous women from around the world into spellbinding fantasy characters.

Some of the superheroes, villains, tough punks, femme fatales and pirates sport piercings, tattoos and candy-colored hair, but virtually all the models have one common bond: lots of attitude. You'll even find hockey players and catwomen gracing the pages with panache, intensity and a big helping of kink. In settings such as corporate boardrooms, cathedrals and city streets, the extreme clothing takes on a surreal aura.

For instance, a mystifying model named Mosh dons a see-through dress decorated with bloody roses and a steampunk copper corset by designer Black Lickorish. Riot grrrl Roxy Courtin looks slick as can be in a one-piece navy-blue jumpsuit spangled with silver stars and zippers in all the right places, designed by Scotch & Pepper.

The book, edited by Miki Bunge, includes a directory of stores for those adventurous souls who want to wear or purchase what's showcased within. As Goliath proclaims, it's "a must-have for all those who love it tight and glossy." For more information or to order a copy of *Latex Fashion Photography*, go to **GoliathBooks.com**.

BY RUDOLPH ENGLISH

Barbie

Avalon

Phoenix

Bree Olson

Carmen Khaleesi
and Alexa Ty

Emma

Charlie Doll

Talia

Trinity

Heidi Wood

Katrina

Roxy

Ponderosa Sun Club girls

Sonya B

NUDES-A-POPPIN' #36

Hotties in their birthday suits bring a strip club vibe to the great outdoors

With 36 amazing pageants under its belt, Nudes-a-Poppin' never fails to deliver the goods. A fresh batch of hot chicks can always be counted on to flock to the Ponderosa Sun Club in Roselawn, Indiana, for the annual eye-candy spectacle. It's a great place to while away a sunny Midwestern weekend, especially if your idea of fun involves being surrounded by beautiful women in the buff.

Although there are ancillary events (like oil wrestling and the “Screaming O” contest), the festival's main draw is the nude-dancing competition. On an outdoor stage, chicks discarding their meager garments twirl around a pole to the delight of the men (and some women) in the audience. And get this: The judges are selected right out of the crowd. Trophies and cash prizes are bestowed upon the performers who combine physical beauty with entertainment acumen.

(continued on page 87)

Celeste Rose

Andi

BEAUTY WITHOUT THORNS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DIGITAL PLAYGROUND

SELENA ROSE

Selena Rose was born in Las Vegas, but she is quite adamant that Sin City is *not* her hometown. "I was raised in Miami, Florida," the proud resident of the Sunshine State asserts. "Miami is like paradise. There's tons of Latinos and Cuban food everywhere. *¡Mi casa es Miami por vida!* [Miami is my home forever!]"

Personifying paradise, **Selena** has a hearty carnal appetite and a penchant for adventurous fucking. "I've had sex in a bunch of crazy places," she recalls. "The most recent place was in my car parked at a gas station during the day. It was raining really intensely. I had so much fun!"

Selena is a modern woman, but she's got a thing for the past. "I love the 1950s," the luscious Latina surprisingly reveals. "Everything back then was so much classier. People were nice, and the clothes were cool. I'd love to have been alive then."

Selena's nostalgia for a bygone era doesn't extend to 1950s music though. "I like more current music," she notes. "But I'm not obsessed with what's brand-new, because my favorite band is probably Nirvana. 'Smells Like Teen Spirit' is so fucking hot; it's 20 years old, but that song still rocks."

Might we add that **Selena Rose**—who was a mere baby when Nirvana's classic album *Nevermind* was released—is pretty fucking hot herself.

SELENA'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Miami, Florida | AGE: 21 | BIRTH SIGN: Leo | HEIGHT: 5-5 | WEIGHT: 115

HUSTLER

REAL HOT
LIVE GIRLS!
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ON THE BEST
ONLINE CHAT

THEY'RE WAITING
INSIDE NOW!

Start a Chat RIGHT NOW

We've collected 1000's of
beautiful girls who are waiting
show you a good time!

Come inside and see what
you can get them to do!

ENTER

HUSTLER HUMOR

Dr. Brown had sex with one of his patients and felt guilty for weeks. No matter how much he tried to forget about it, he just couldn't. The guilt and sense of betrayal were overwhelming. But every once in a while, a reassuring voice in his head would say, "Don't worry about it. You aren't the first medical practitioner to have sex with one of his patients, and you won't be the last. And you're single. Just let it go."

But from time to time another voice in Dr. Brown's head would whisper, "You're a veterinarian, you sick bastard!"

Here is a reader letter that is fuckin' funny: "Was banging this nice lady on her kitchen counter when we heard the front door open. She yelled, 'It's my husband! Quick, try the back door!' Yeah, I really should have run, but you don't get offers like that every day."

HUSTLER Wisdom: The man who gives in when he is wrong is wise; the man who gives in when he is right is married.

Jessica was on her third date with Stu, and once again the hottie brought up a touchy subject. She told him about her old boyfriend while casually stroking her longneck beer bottle up and down.

Finally, Stu had enough and muttered, "We're sleeping together, but you're always thinking about your ex. Why don't you think about me once in a while?"

"Okay," Jessica agreed as she started stroking the top two inches of her bottle.

One of our editors got a text message from his best friend recently. It read: "Can I stay at your house for a while? The ol' lady kicked me out after she caught me measuring my cock. It just reaches the back of her sister's throat."

Question: Regarding blowjobs, what's the difference between puppy love, true love and showing off?

Answer: Spitting, swallowing and gargling.

A blonde called American Airlines and asked, "Can you tell me how long it'll take to fly from San Francisco to New York City?"

The agent said, "Just a minute."

"Thank you," the blonde cooed. Then she hung up the phone.

During the debt-ceiling crisis, President Obama offered a dove as a sign of peace, but the Republicans wanted a swallow.

Some guy selling raffle tickets for poor black orphans came to Bubba's house and asked if he wanted any. "Fuck you!" Bubba howled. "Knowing my luck, I'd win one!"

While making his rounds on a bicycle, a preacher came upon a little boy trying to sell a lawn mower. "How much do you want for that mower?" he asked.

"I just want enough to buy me a bicycle," the whippersnapper replied. "Unless you want to trade yours for it?"

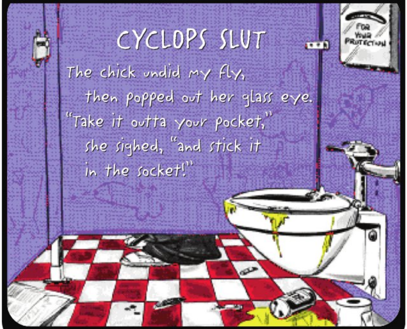
"You've got a deal, son," the preacher said. He took the mower and began to crank it without any luck. "Hey, kid, I can't get this thing to start!" he yelled.

"That's because you have to cuss at it to get it started," the boy explained.

Taken aback, the preacher said, "I've been a Christian for so long, I can't remember how to cuss."

Smiling, the little boy huffed, "Just keep pulling that cord. It'll come back to ya!"

GRAFFILTHY

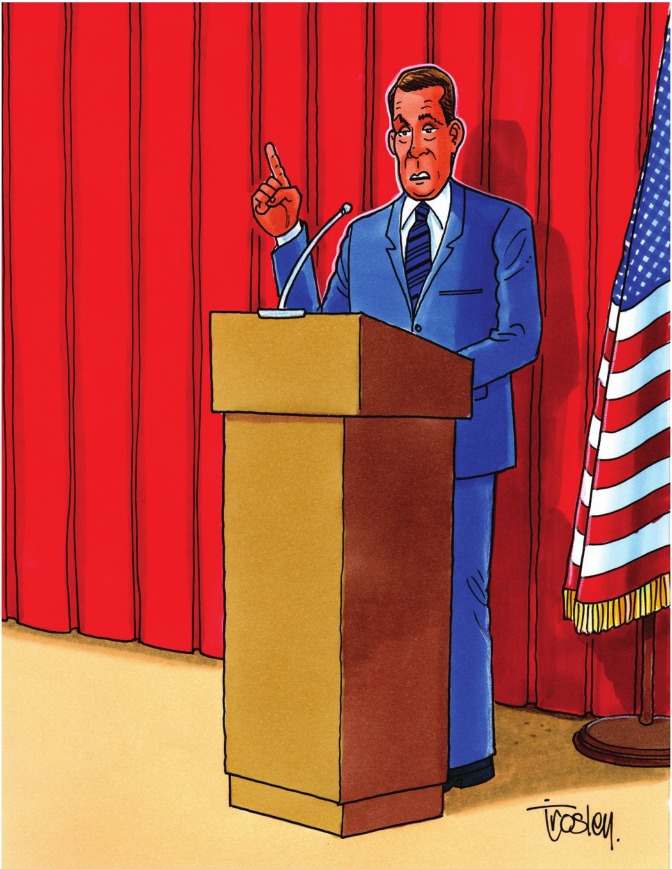


CYCLOPS SLUT

The chick undid my fly,
then popped out her glass eye.
"Take it outta your pocket,"
she sighed, "and stick it
in the socket!"

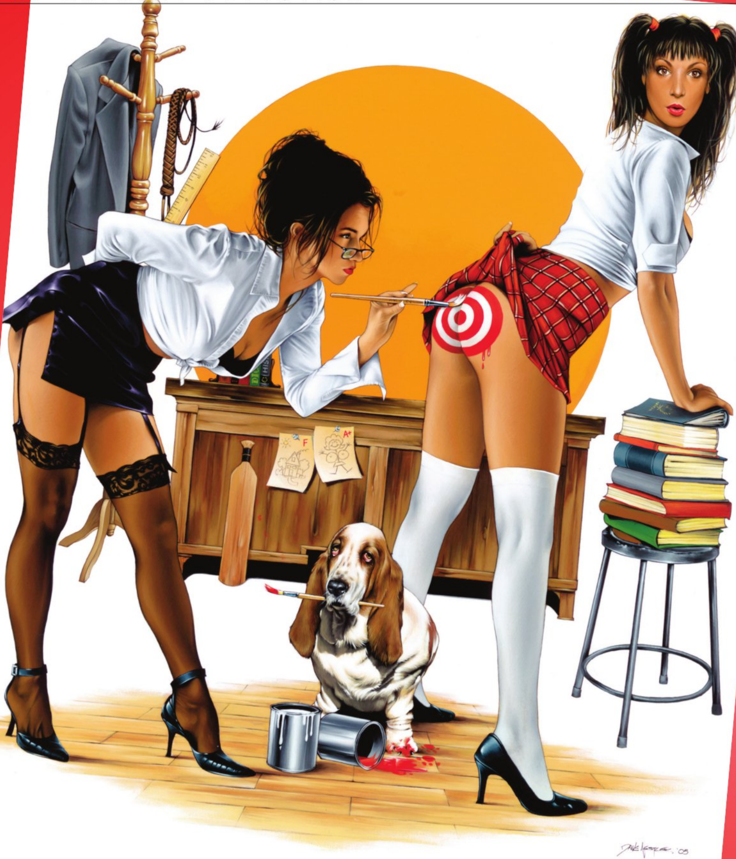
Thanks and $50 go to Joshua D.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

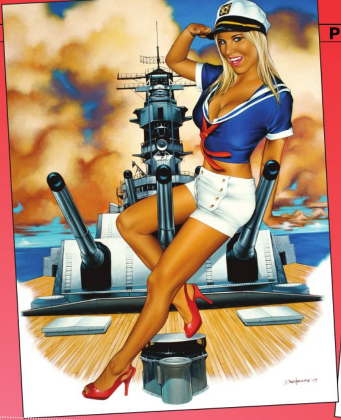


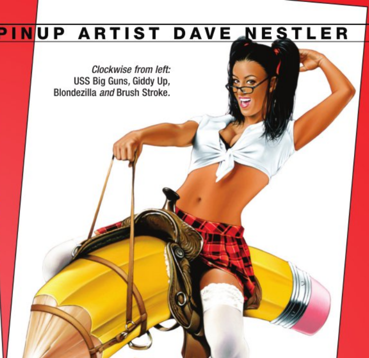
"The Republican Party has decided to redeclare the war on poverty.
Anyone making under $20,000 a year will be shot!"

BY ANTHONY PETKOVICH

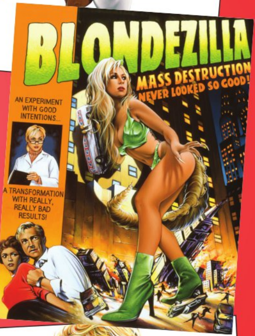


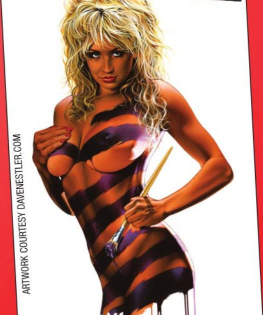
"Bored of Education"





Clockwise from left: USS Big Guns, Giddy Up, Blondezilla *and* Brush Stroke.


BLONDEZILLA
MASS DESTRUCTION NEVER LOOKED SO GOOD!
AN EXPERIMENT WITH GOOD INTENTIONS...
A TRANSFORMATION WITH REALLY, REALLY BAD RESULTS!



ARTWORK COURTESY DAVENESTLER.COM

NAUGHTY CHEESECAKE

Pinup Artist Dave Nestler's 21st-Century Foxes

Just as Dave Nestler's career as a professional illustrator was starting to take shape, he thought it was all over.

After graduating from the prestigious Art Institute of Pittsburgh in the early 1980s, the fledgling artist soon headed to Hollywood. His plan? To fulfill a longtime dream of creating movie posters complete with attractive, show-stopping models. But after he did ad and spot illustrations for design studios and movie production houses for a few years, the industry started to shift. For the worse, in his case.

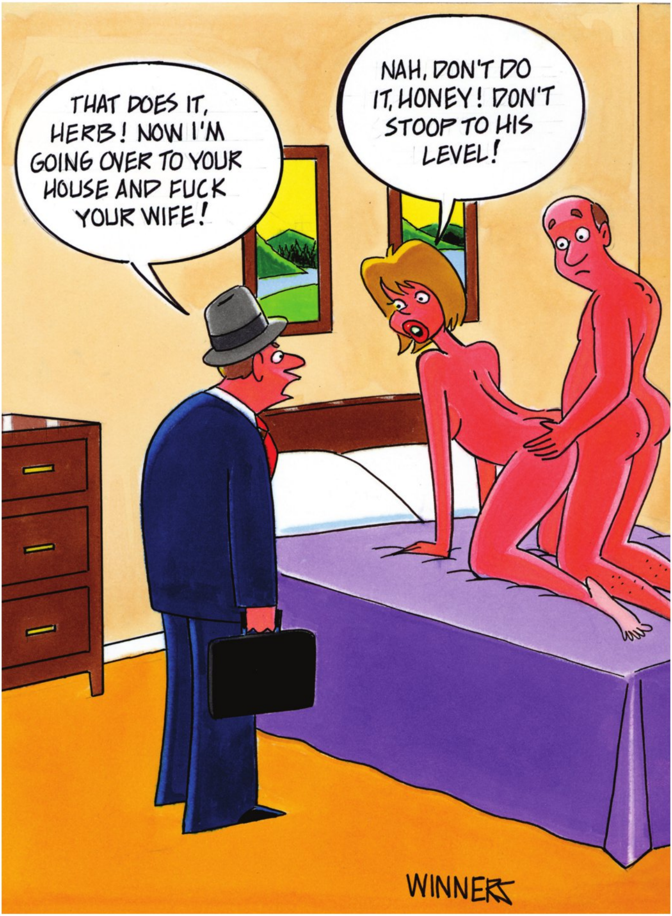
"By '86, '87, computer graphics were being introduced," Nestler explains, "and you could see that [conventional] illustration was being phased out. By '89, '90, I was practically out of a job. It kind of sucked because I never really got a shot at doing everything I was trained for. I never saw the change coming."

Nevertheless, Nestler stuck to his guns. Not wanting to go the way of the computer, he returned to Pittsburgh, where he spent nearly ten years doing billboards and other promo work for a string of rock 'n' roll radio stations. Meanwhile, in his spare time he painted pictures of women. However, a pivotal career move was inspired by attending his first Glamourcon show, in San Diego.

"Right there and then, I found another market to work in," Nestler recalls. "I went into this hotel ballroom, and every big contemporary pinup artist was there: Olivia, Sorayama, Robert Blue, Dave Stevens—and another 100 vendors selling pinup art, memorabilia, collectibles. I'm walking around this packed ballroom going, *You gotta be kiddin' me! There are people here making money painting hot chicks. I'm down with this!*"

Nestler's provocative acrylic paintings definitely blur the line between pinup and erotic art. In one of his signature works, *Bored of Education*, there's a noticeable Norman Rockwell influence, but the risqué subject matter is a million miles from any *Saturday Evening Post* cover. Another example is *Giddy Up*, which depicts a luscious, ponytailed schoolgirl-type riding a massive, phallic pencil. And his well-received "Blonde and Gagged" series features cuties wrapped in tape. "There's a big difference between tying and wrapping," Nestler notes. "Tying girls up means S&M and dominance. But wrapping them up, that's fashion. Fashion overload, if you will."

Now wildly busy—selling prints at **DaveNestler.com** and attending numerous comic book conventions—Nestler has found his niche: delivering pinups that stand out amid a sea of good-girl, all-American cheesecake renderings. "Yes, some of them are classic '50s poses—like *USS Big Guns*," Nestler acknowledges, "but you're not going to mistake one of my models as a '50s pinup babe. Instead, they look like girls who'd walk into a Starbucks tomorrow."


THAT DOES IT, HERB! NOW I'M GOING OVER TO YOUR HOUSE AND FUCK YOUR WIFE!
NAH, DON'T DO IT, HONEY! DON'T STOOP TO HIS LEVEL!
WINNERS

(continued from page 38)

I think the Bible is certainly the most important and influential book ever written. It tells the greatest story, fictional or otherwise, ever told. It's a book of enormous wisdom and profundity, no question about it. On the other hand, the question has to be asked: If what I say is true, how do you keep the doors to these churches—thousands upon thousands around the world—open?

Maybe it's not a question of what's logical but what's comforting. Religion offers comfort.

Of course! I think Petronius, the Roman satirist, said the gods came into the world out of fear, fear of the unknown. People want to believe in this stuff, and I don't denigrate faith. [Russian author Leo] Tolstoy said it's the biggest force in nature. It's lit many candles of warmth throughout the years, softened pangs of fear. But let's not confuse faith with the object of the faith. They're not synonymous.

You're wedded to logic.

That's right. It's my only master. The book is based on the evidence. It's pretty hard to attack it because I give several biblical citations for everything I say.

I eliminate prayer for all intents and purposes. If someone prays for something and they get it, they say, "God answered my prayers." That means he's got the power to answer prayers. He's all-powerful. Well, if he has the power to answer prayers, how can we possibly say he's all good when we know to a 100% certainty that he nearly always turns down the praying party when that party needs him the most?

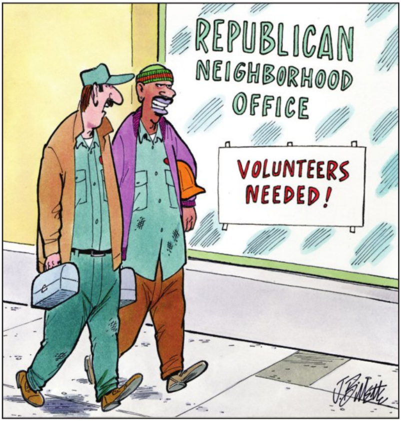
Doesn't that tell us that not only is God not all good, but when we happen to get something as a result of our prayer, it had nothing to do with him? All Jewish and Christian theologians that I know of agree that God either caused or allowed everything to take place. They almost have to say it because if they didn't, they're saying God isn't all-powerful.

The Holocaust, Hurricane Katrina, I don't know who caused them, but God allowed it. We have catastrophes like 9/11, and people immediately run to their church or synagogue, and they pray for the victims to the entity who either caused or allowed this horror to take place. I don't understand that.

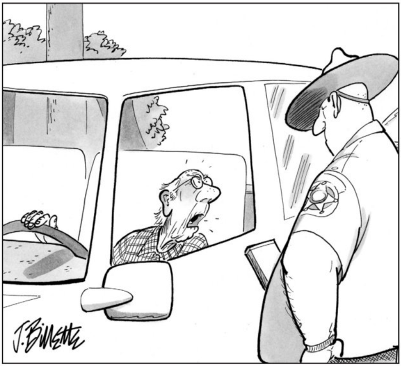
Maybe it's because religious people feel they're playing some role in the healing process. They're doing their part. It's partially self-serving.

My view is that Christianity, if it insists, can have its God. But if it has any respect for logic, it's got to redefine who he is. He can't be all good and all-powerful at the same time. The Christians' comeback is that God gives all of us—including Hitler and Stalin—free will.

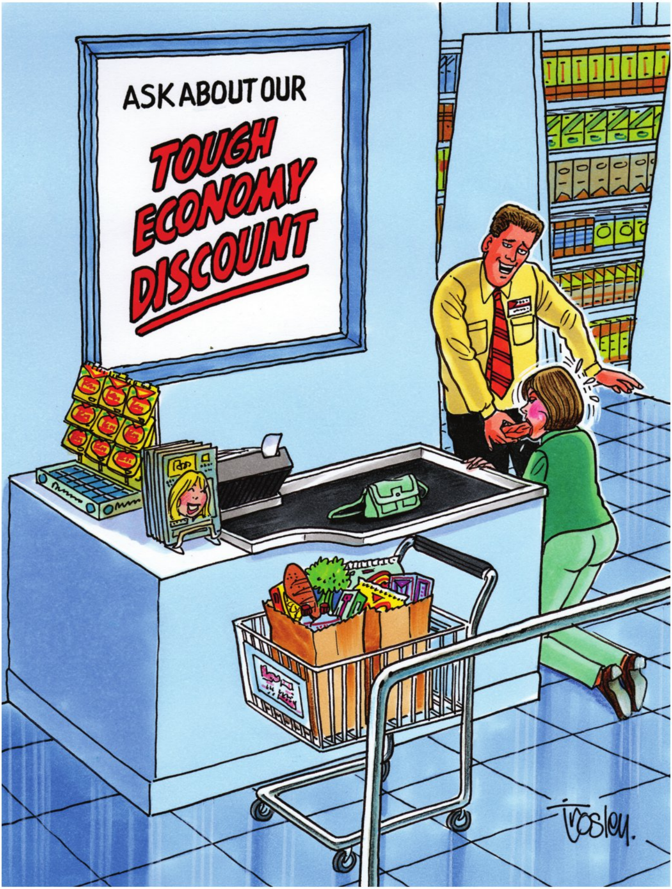
(continued on page 151)



"It'll be fun to see which Republican whack-job emerges to scare the people into voting for Obama again!"



"If you must know, I was driving 94 miles an hour so I would get there before I forgot where I was going!!"


ASK ABOUT OUR
TOUGH ECONOMY DISCOUNT
Trosley

"Thanks for asking..."

NUDES-A-POPPIN' #36

Audrina Diablo

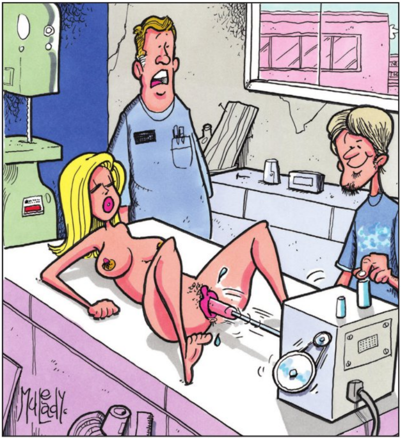
(continued from page 67)

The top prizes—Miss Nude North America and Nude Entertainer of the Year—are typically awarded to established feature dancers on the strip club circuit. In 2011, Dakota Skye garnered both prestigious trophies—the striptease equivalent of winning Best Picture and Best Director at the Oscars.

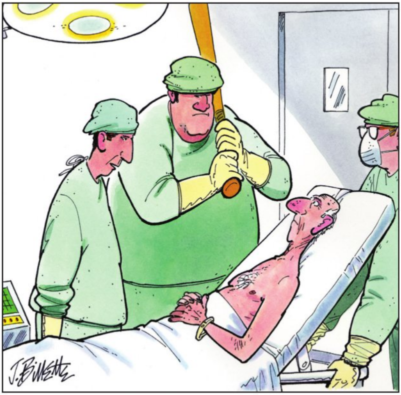
However, Nudes-a-Poppin' doesn't just cater to veteran exotic dancers. There are several levels of competition and a variety of kudos; this gives newcomers a legitimate chance to go home a winner. Gals too gun-shy to completely disrobe are welcome to participate in an amateur wet T-shirt contest.

Nudes-a-Poppin' 2011's notable winners included Trinity (Miss Nude Galaxy, Miss Nude GoGo), Candie (Miss Nude Petite Galaxy), Katrina (Miss Nude Rising Star) and Zoe Zayne (Miss Nude Internet). The master of ceremonies was drummer Phil Varone of Saigon Kick and Skid Row fame. Also making guest appearances were the ubiquitous Ron Jeremy and porn superstar Bree Olson, who enjoyed a brief stint as one of Charlie Sheen's live-in goddesses.

If you missed the latest extravaganza, don't fret. Nudes-a-Poppin' will be back in all its glory. If current weather trends prevail, expect a class-A pussy storm to descend on northern Indiana sometime in July 2012. For more info, visit **Nudes-a-Poppin.com**.



"When I had a high school shop class, I made a lamp."



"Mr. Swartz, this is Rocco—your anesthesiologist."

Sex Pistols
FUCK
forever

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

STEVE JONES RADIO PIRATE

There are plenty of people who get labeled as legends, but guitarist Steve Jones really *is* one. As ax slinger for punk pioneers the Sex Pistols, he helped invent a genre. We met up with him to discuss the birth of punk and his radio show, *Jonesy's Jukebox.*

HUSTLER: What kind of radio did you listen to as a kid in England?

STEVE JONES: You had BBC 1, which was kind of bland, really. But you had the pirate radio stations that were offshore. Radio Luxembourg and Radio Caroline. That's all anyone really listened to if you liked rock music. They played what you now call "alternative." You didn't listen to anything the BBC had to offer. They were very straight.

Is pirate radio where you first discovered rock 'n' roll?

That and records. I knew a guy who had a lot of them. And TV too. I remember seeing the music show *Ready Steady Go!* in black-and-white when I was pretty young. In the swinging '60s I was about nine or ten. I was a skinhead—the first generation. We used to listen to a lot of ska music. As I grew up, I changed from the skinhead thing and got into glam: Roxy Music, David Bowie, Mott the Hoople and the Faces. I decided at age 15 to start a band.

What were some of the first records you owned?

I remember exactly the first record I ever bought was Rod Stewart's *Every Picture Tells a Story.* I was so proud of myself. (*Laughs.*) It was number one in America and number one in England. I still love that album. It's a classic.

When did you start your first real band?

After I did the glam thing, the first attempt was when I was about 17. It was me and my old schoolmates, including Jim Mackin on keyboards; Stephen Hayes we put on bass; this guy Wally was on guitar; Paul Cook was on drums; and I was singing. We called ourselves the Swankers. Then we became the Strand because we liked Roxy Music.

Then Malcolm McLaren came into the fray. At that point, when it started getting serious, Stephen Hayes and Jim Mackin had enough. Glen Matlock came in on bass. So it was me, Matlock, Paul and Wally. We rehearsed at this old BBC studio that Wally's dad was remodeling. We weren't gigging. Just rehearsing. Fucking goofing around. Then Malcolm came down and said, "Yeah, Steve, you shouldn't sing."

I said, "I don't really want to anyway." I started playing guitar, and we had auditions for a singer.

How did you know Malcolm McLaren?

When I was doing the glam thing, I was always going down Kings Road [a London thoroughfare lined with trendy stores] and his shop was a cool shop where you could actually hang out. They had couches in there. They had a jukebox. Me and Malcolm immediately got along. He couldn't drive, so I would drive him around in [punk fashion designer] Vivienne Westwood's car to all the tailor shops to get material for his clothes. He used to take me to clubs, which was great for me because I had never seen that side of life. We just became good friends.

When did Johnny Rotten join the band?

John came down to Malcolm's shop, called Sex at the time. We went to the pub around the corner and had a few pints then headed to the studio, where we made John sing along to some songs on the jukebox. It was quite obvious that he had something going on, even though he couldn't sing.

Why was Glen Matlock replaced by Sid Vicious?

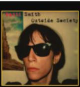
Glen, I guess, at the time was a little bit different. He didn't like where we were going. As

THE DIRTY

12 NEW DISCS YOU NEED

STAIND
Staind

When lead singer Aaron Lewis took a successful foray into country music, we feared it would be the end for this hard rock foursome. Thankfully not so! Staind roars back with renewed energy and bombastic furry on this sonic CD.



PATTI SMITH
Outside Society

This single CD boils down the very best of the "high priestess of punk" from both her Arista and Columbia years into a tight 18-song collection. *Outside Society* will serve as a perfect introduction to new generations of Patti Smith fans. Highlights: "People Have the Power," "Dancing Barefoot," "Gloria" and "Smells Like Teen Spirit."

PRIMUS
Green Naugahyde

Les Claypool and his merry band of weirdos blast back with their most esoteric disc to date. Produced by Claypool in his northern California home studio, *Green Naugahyde* is a heady trip through the mind of a madman complete with impeccable musicianship.

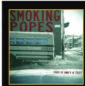
SHONEN KNIFE
OSAKA RAMONES

SHONEN KNIFE
Osaka Ramones

Hard to believe that this female punk trio has been at it for over three decades now. Sure, the lineup has changed. Naoko is the only original member, but she and her sidekicks still rock. Their latest CD is a loving tribute to the band that inspired Shonen Knife to follow in its footsteps—the Ramones.

SEPULTURA
Kairos

You call yourself a rocker and yet you've never heard of the mighty Sepultura? Seriously? The thrash metal masters have released another punishing disc of massive riffs, screaming vocals and bashing drums. *Kairos* is sure to make your ears bleed. Get hip! Because Huey Lewis no longer rocks.



SMOKING POPES
This Is Only a Test

Smoking Popes are the perfect example of perseverance paying off. The Chicago indie rockers have finally made the nearly perfect album. For those unfamiliar with the Popes' one-of-a-kind blend of garage-band guitars and croonerish vocals, just imagine what it would be like if Frank Sinatra hooked up with the Replacements. Brilliant and worth knowing.

BY KEITH VALCOURT

DOZEN

KATY B
On a Mission
This sultry 22-year-old songstress is already a star in the United Kingdom. Her debut CD is full of Adele and Amy Winehouse vocal styling wailed over poppy dance beats. Katy B even tosses in a little dance hall reggae ska ("Lights On"), making *On a Mission* as refreshing as it is familiar.

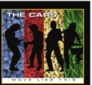
the feelies

THE FEELIES
Here Before
Despite failing to achieve the success of their rock 'n' roll equals, R.E.M., the Feelies have always known how to deliver memorable albums of jangly, Athens, Georgia-flavored pop. The Feelies' aptly titled latest CD finds them doing what they do best. Hopefully this time around, the boys from New Jersey will find the commercial acceptance they have long deserved.

LESLIE WEST
UNUSUAL SUSPECTS

LESLIE WEST
Unusual Suspects
The underrated guitar god blazes on. Impressive? Hell yes, considering the fact Mountain leader West is doing it all after losing a leg. Even that can't stop him. Joining him in the brilliant, blues-soaked rock jams are Billy F Gibbons, Slash, Zakk Wylde and Joe Bonamassa.

COLD
Superfiction
Most bands tend to run out of relevant songs by their second album. Not Cold. Its latest (first in six years) is packed with passion, power and some of the most insightful lyrics to ever grace a rock record. Think and rock? Or is it rock and think? Cold will make you do both.



THE CARS
Move Like This
"Just What I Needed," "Magic," "Shake It Up": The music of the Cars is woven into the fabric of our lives. Finally, after parting company in 1988, Ric Ocasek has come to his senses and reunited with his Beantown bandmates. The New Wave icons' latest is perfect except for two things: the absence of Benjamin Orr (he died in 2000) and a shortage of songs. *Move Like This* contains only ten.

WHISKEY MYERS
FIREWATER

WHISKEY MYERS
Firewater
Real countrified Southern rock sweats from every pore of this down-home group. Like Lynyrd Skynyrd and Marshall Tucker Band before them, Whiskey Myers knows how to blend the genres of rock 'n' roll and Western honky-tonk into a fine musical moonshine. Just check out this sample lyric: "I've got seven ladies dancing naked around an ol' campfire, guitar picking with a bottle in my hand."

much as he likes claiming he wrote "God Save the Queen," "Anarchy in the U.K." and "Pretty Vacant," at the time he hated the words. Which John wrote—all the words. Glen's mom didn't like it. Singing about anarchy. He was a bit of a middle-class kind of mommy's boy, really. Sid looked the part. We wrote all the songs when Glen was in the band, but as far as the chemistry goes? I liked Sid, as far as his attitude. Glen's attitude? He was a bit of a wanker, to be honest with you.

But Glen was a better musician than Sid?

Well, he played. I literally had only been playing three months before we did our first gig. Glen had played bass before he joined. I'm tired of Glen Matlock saying he was the songwriter for the Sex Pistols. I cowrote as many songs—"Bodies," "EMI," "Holidays in the Sun," "Lazy Sod" and a few others—but I don't go on shouting about it. Modest songwriter. Every time I read it, it bugs me. If he was such a great songwriter, where are the songs after the Sex Pistols? It's just annoying.

What do you remember about the first time the Sex Pistols toured America in 1978?

The first tour was kind of a circus. We got off the plane in New York and got on a bus to Atlanta. All these press people following us. We had no idea what was going on. The press had built us up to be monsters. Great publicity. Couldn't get better publicity. I don't think we knew what we were doing in America. It was just weird. People trying to get Sid to shoot up dope so they could film it. Very bizarre. CIA was following us. We were 19, maybe 20 years old. We didn't understand what was going on.

Did you know at the time the band wouldn't last?

I did. By the time we did San Francisco, I said, "I've had enough." Looking back with hindsight, it might not have been the best decision. I didn't know any better. I thought if something isn't funny anymore, just end it. I wasn't thinking on a business level. On the other hand, I think one of the best things we did do was break up. It's given us longevity.

Will the Pistols work together again?

I think we'll always tour. After the '96 reunion, we did another little tour in 2003, then went on the road for three months in 2008 in Europe, Japan and Russia. That was good. Did a lot of festivals. Made some dough. Bought a new kitchen. (*Laughs.*)

Was it a group decision to skip the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame induction?

Matlock wanted to go. Typical. I didn't really think about it. Whatever. Then John said, "No, we're not going to do it. It's ridiculous." He came up with the letter. Then, when I actually sat back and thought about it for a while, and realized how lame it is, I was a hundred percent behind John. Not going was totally the right decision to make. Because it's so fucking lame. Each year it gets lamer and lamer. A bunch of old fucks kissing each other's ass, stroking each other. It's got nothing to do with rock 'n' roll whatsoever.

When did you move to California?

Twenty-eight years ago. I came out here after the Pistols broke up. This band called the Avengers, who opened up for the Pistols' last gig in America, asked me if I wanted to produce their album. I did and went to San Francisco for a couple of weeks. It was the summertime. I was hot. It was America, which is completely different from shitty old London. It fucking stinks. It's fucking miserable. Here I am in the sun smoking weed thinking, *This is all right.* I drifted down to L.A. after that and met this chick, and she had a big Cadillac. It was September, and we were heading to a drive-in movie at eight at night, sun going down, smoking this joint. I thought, *This is fantastic. I just love it.* California is the best place ever, anywhere in the world. I still love L.A.

When did you start doing your radio show, *Jonesy's Jukebox*, and why?

About six-plus years ago. I was doing nothing. Absolutely nothing. I had tried my hand at producing bands. Did the first album from Buckcherry. I coproduced that with Terry Date. A buddy of mine said I should check out this new station, Indie 103. They play a lot of old punk stuff. No commercials. I turned it on and thought it was cool. Never heard anything like that.

A couple of weeks later, when I was in Neurotic Outsiders, I got a phone call from a guy who worked at Maverick Records. He said there was this new station, which I had been listening to, and the guy in charge wanted to meet me. Out of nowhere I said, "Great. I wanna be a DJ."

It was the weirdest thing. They let me say what I wanted to say and do what I wanted to do. It was a new station, so they had nothing to lose. People started to listen, and the show grew. It carried on for a great five years until the station closed. I don't think radio stations now would let me do what I did on Indie.

Did you think when Indie 103 folded, you would do radio again? And how did you end up on L.A.'s KROQ?

I was actually relieved, in a way, when the first show ended. I never had a normal day job before. It sounds ridiculous and that I'm spoiled, because I had to work for only two hours a day. But I had never been anywhere for five years where you can't just go anywhere because you have a daily commitment. On the other hand, I was so used to it, I missed it. While I was doing Indie, I met with KROQ program director Kevin Weatherly, and he wanted me on during the daytime but with their format. I said no.

How do you decide what music to play?

The new show on KROQ is different from the Indie 103 show because it's an all-new-music show. New bands playing new music. It's actually a lot of work to find new stuff that I like. I have a few young people that I know who tell me what's going on. I'm digging it right now. I love being on KROQ because it's proper radio, and lots of people are listening to it, and that's what gets me motivated. ■

Coma girls: (left to right) Nina Diaz, Jenn Alva & Stephanie “Phanie” Diaz.

PHOTO BY KEITH VALCOURT

GIRL IN A COMA

SISTERHOOD OF ROCK

Formed in 2002 by middle-school friends Jenn Alva (bass) and Stephanie “Phanie” Diaz (drums), Girl in a Coma struggled for years to find a sound and direction. Then, in an unlikely place, they discovered the voice they were looking for: Phanie’s younger sister, Nina (vocals and guitar), who was barely 13 at the time. Her smoky, mature-beyond-its-years voice helped propel the band into the public’s attention through a series of solid blues-and-punk-soaked records and supporting tours for everyone from Morrissey to Social Distortion. One of those shows attracted the attention of original girl-band goddess Joan Jett, who signed Girl in a Coma to her Blackheart Records label.

We caught up with the Texas trio backstage after their Los Angeles gig opening for the Go-Go’s. Kick back while Phanie, Jenn and Nina discuss the aromas of the road (notably stripper perfume), ghost hunting and groupies. How they love their groupies.

HUSTLER: Being so young when you started, did you have any idea that Girl in a Coma would become a real band?

Phanie: When we started this band, we knew we wanted to do this for a living. We took it seriously since day one.

Jenn: We didn’t know what was gonna happen, but we had hoped we would get to where we are now.

When did you finally realize it was all working?

Jenn: We were so into her [*indicating Nina*] voice. We knew once she joined, something great was going on.

Speaking of which, Nina, where does that mature, old-soul voice of yours come from?

Nina: I didn’t really have any training or anything. It comes from who I’m into. At the beginning I was into Morrissey, of course, and a lot of oldies from my mom’s music collection. I just copied their singing styles as if I were singing with them. That helped me develop my own voice.

You based the band’s name on the title of a Smiths song, so obviously Morrissey was an influence. Who else?

Phanie: For Jenn and me, growing up we listened to a lot of riot grrrls—Bikini Kill, Babes in Toyland. I think that’s where a lot of our fast-pounding playing comes from.

Jenn: And motivation too. In that little era, there was a whole bunch of all-girl groups for us to feel like we could do it too.

Joan Jett is your guardian angel, in a way, having signed you to her label. Do you remember the first time you met her?

Phanie: Very intimidating.

Nina: We met her when we were practicing for the Knitting Factory at some practice spot in New York City. She came in the room and kinda felt shy.

Phanie: It was weird seeing her there listening to us. After we played and she offered to sign us on her label Blackheart, it was like, *wow.* All bands dream of things happening that fast.

Jenn: I feel like we’re lucky because we were on the tail end of things. We got to play CBGB before it closed. We got to be a band that got signed on the spot. Doesn’t happen much these days. I think she is nervous around us now. (*Laughs.*)

Nina: She’s like a proud musical mom.

Of all the bands you’ve opened for, do you have any favorites?

Nina: Morrissey was amazing. Going overseas with him was like a dream come true. Touring with him was like Morrissey boot camp. He taught us to play fast, get up there and do the show, and get off.

Phanie: Playing with the Go-Go’s now is crazy.

Have you learned anything from opening for the Go-Go’s?

Phanie: Keeping that chemistry alive so many years later. Keeping it strong and seeing them still come together after all those years is impressive. Nina is my sister, and I’ve known Jenn now for 18 years. We hope that we’re together that long and will have all these stories to tell.

Is being in an all-girl band different from being in a band full of guys?

Nina: No, we’re just as dirty, if not dirtier.

Jenn: Stinky.

What does your tour bus smell like?

Nina: Bus? Fifteen-passenger van! It’s a mix of peanut butter, farts, sweat….

Jenn: Dirty clothes.

Nina: Hot flow [menstrual].

Jenn: Oh, God!

Phanie: Then a bunch of new-car-scent air fresheners on top of it.

Nina: Plus Phanie’s special perfume.

Special perfume?

Jenn: She has this perfume by Body Fantasies.

Nina: The scent is called Cherry Blossom Rose or something.

Phanie: I buy this dollar perfume because I don’t shower as often as I should. They call it my stripper perfume. I use my per diem to buy Body Fantasies. It’s so horrible.

Besides Phanie’s perfume, what is the one thing each of you needs on the road?

Nina: Peanut butter.

Jenn: Peanut butter and your iPod.

How do you guys deal with groupies?

Nina: Girl bands *want* groupies. They’re welcoming to groupies.

Jenn: For a while there, we had them. It’s not happening lately.

Phanie: Maybe it’s because I’m wearing Body Fantasies. (*Laughs.*)

What was the recording process like on your new CD, *Exits and All the Rest*?

Nina: We actually recorded on tape with Mike McCarthy in Austin this time, which is just an hour from home.

Phanie: We did it live and all together.

Jenn: There are some good one-takes in there. We were feeling it. Working with Mike was cool. He liked the three of us as musicians. Each one of us was very special.

Nina: He’d pull each one of us aside and say, “You’re my favorite.”

Phanie, is it true you’re a ghost hunter?

Phanie: I was really getting into it, but now I’ve scared myself. When we are someplace that is haunted, I chicken out because I don’t want to go alone. I did EVPs [electronic voice phenomena recordings] around my house, and I did get some weird stuff on tape.

Nina: It was just her with a blanket over her head filming herself in the mirror. (*Laughs.*)

Jenn: She watched a show on ghost hunting, and she decided she wanted to ghost hunt. But she’s a wimp. Every time we’ve had an opportunity to ghost hunt, she would chicken out.

Nina: She would have to have a couple drinks before going, but that messes up the communication.

Phanie: To set the record straight, I no longer ghost hunt. ■

DVD DISTRACTIONS

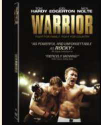
BY TAYLOR DAVID

Aliens, Gangsters, Warriors and, Most Terrifying of All, True Love

BOARDWALK EMPIRE
THE COMPLETE FIRST SEASON

BOARDWALK EMPIRE: THE COMPLETE FIRST SEASON

HBO's critically acclaimed series follows the crime and corruption in Atlantic City, New Jersey, during the start of Prohibition. The central character is Enoch "Nucky" Thompson (Steve Buscemi), a crooked city treasurer who has his hand in practically everyone's pocket. With alcohol now banned, Thompson seizes upon an opportunity to distribute booze up and down the East Coast. The lucrative venture comes at a steep cost, though, as Thompson and his cronies find themselves in the crosshairs of cut-throat mobsters and zealous federal agents. Jam-packed with intrigue, violence and sex, *Boardwalk Empire* is a realistic, compelling and irresistible period drama.



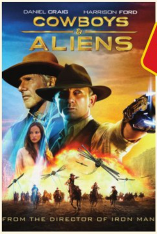
WARRIOR

Fists and legs fly in this action drama set in the brutal world of mixed martial arts (MMA), where two estranged and distinctly different brothers (Tom Hardy and Joel Edgerton) wind up vying for the sport's all-time-biggest tournament jackpot—$5 million. After vanquishing some of the toughest MMA fighters in the world, the brothers are finally forced to confront each other—and the emotional turmoil of their broken family life—in the octagon. This gripping film features a heartfelt storyline and tons of chokehold-laden action.

JUSTIN TIMBERLAKE
MILA KUNIS
FriendsWithBenefits
"The coolest, freshest and sexiest movie about life, love and relationships in years!"

FRIENDS WITH BENEFITS

This fresh romantic comedy stars Justin Timberlake and Mila Kunis as platonic friends Dylan and Jamie who experiment with adding sex to their relationship. Proving the idea is easier said than done, complications arise as the two bedmates struggle to sustain a purely physical relationship with no emotional strings attached. Fast-paced and hysterical, the breezy film pokes fun at the Hollywood clichés of true love. *Friends With Benefits*, featuring an ensemble cast including Woody Harrelson and Emma Stone, is accentuated with sharp wit and a touch of nudity.



WIN THIS

COWBOYS & ALIENS

Explosive battles abound when an extraterrestrial fleet launches an attack on Absolution—a small Wild West town—forcing the local cowboys to defend themselves. Helming the counterattack is Jake Lonergan (Daniel Craig), a wanted outlaw who somehow possesses an otherworldly weapon that is capable of blasting aliens into smithereens and shooting down spacecraft. Blending the classic Western genre with science fiction, *Cowboys & Aliens* is a must-see one-of-a-kind movie. Along with all the gore, it serves up diabolical E.T.s, gritty gunslingers, amnesia, mescaline and a mysterious heroine. The film is so awesome, we're giving readers a shot at winning a DVD with all the exhilarating action and bonus features. See details on this page.

WIN A *COWBOYS & ALIENS* DVD!

For your chance to win, just fill out the form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address, signature and survey choices on a postcard) and send it to: ***Cowboys & Aliens* Giveaway, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211**; or e-mail info to: **HUSTLER@LFP.com**.

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Other than the models, what's your favorite section? (check one)

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Bits & Pieces ☐ Music Section ☐ Celebrity Section ☐

Other ____________________

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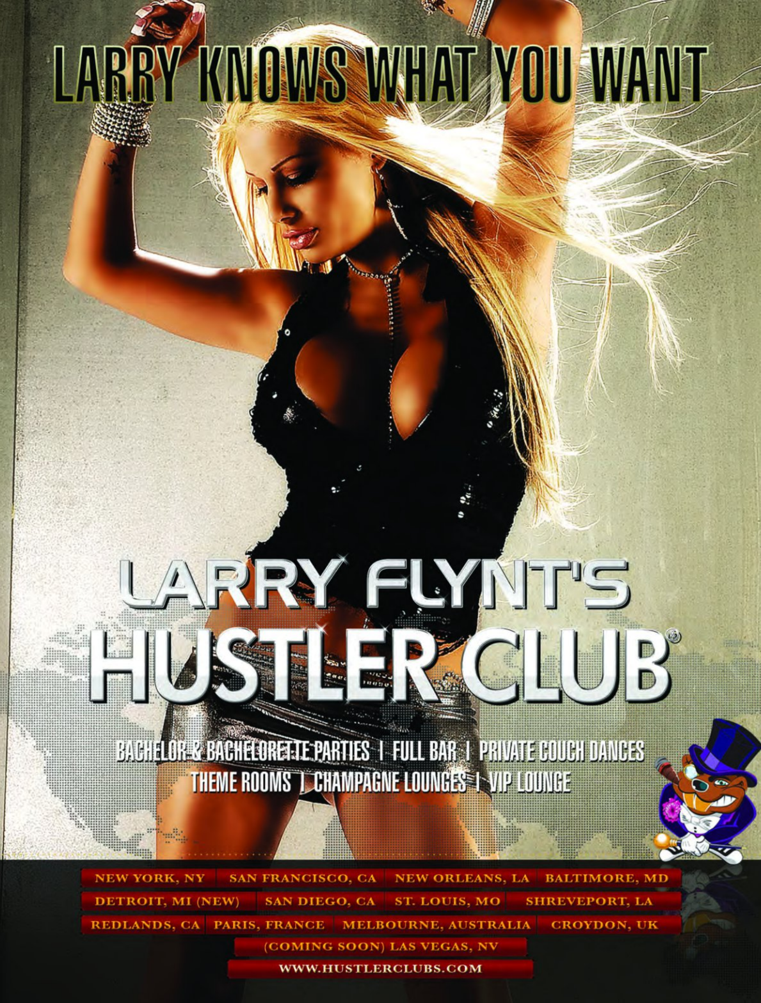

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SKIN TO SKIN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

CELESTE & ALEXIS

After a blimp accident claimed the lives of her parents, Amy (**Alexis Love**) summoned her friend Marie (**Celeste Star**) to help clean out her family's old home. It was a modest shack, nothing more. Amy had grown up in abject poverty, but her mother had one prized possession: Fleshy Dan, her strap-on dildo.

When Amy located the object, her eyes welled with tears. She explained to Marie: "Whenever my parents fought, they'd always make up the same way. My dad would take my mom to Sizzler, then they'd come home and Mom would pound away at Dad's ass with Fleshy Dan until peace was restored."

"My folks were exactly the same," Marie whispered. "Except they never went to Sizzler because of my dad's Chron's disease. And they didn't believe in anal sex, what with my father being homophobic. Other than that, it was exactly the same. Maybe we should give Fleshy Dan one more outing for old time's sake."

The gals stripped down. They scrubbed Fleshy Dan clean. Then they spent the remainder of the day fucking each other with plenty of Reckless Passion. (That was the top brand of sexual lubricant in their neck of the woods.) By sunset, Amy's existential sorrow was a distant memory. Her pussy, however, would throb with pain for days.

HUSTLER
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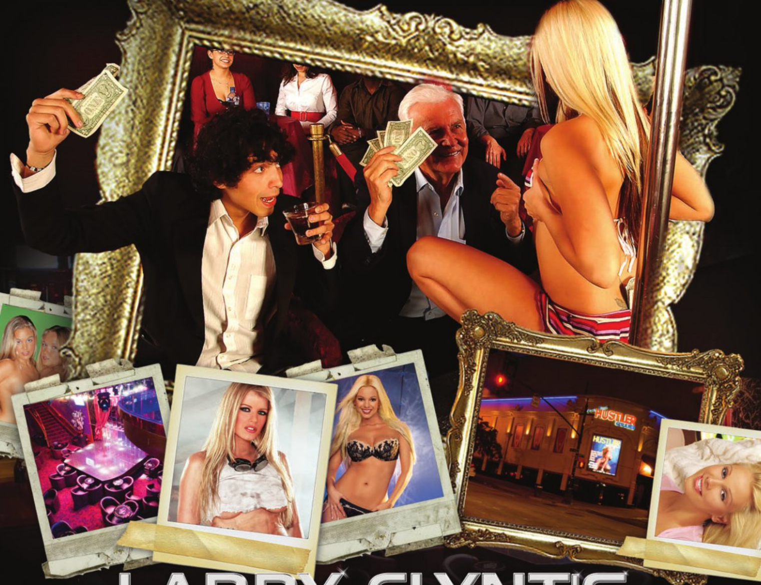

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BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

*Bridgette B., Brandy Aniston and Jennifer Dark form an unholy trinity as Krissy Lynn and Jessi Palmer teach **Dracula** how to fuck and suck.*

This Ain't Dracula XXX

HUSTLER VIDEO. **DIRECTOR:** AXEL BRAUN. **STARRING:** JESSI PALMER, MARIE McCRAY, JENNIFER DARK, BRIDGETTE B., BRANDY ANISTON, KRISSY LYNN, EVAN STONE, RYAN DRILLER, TOM BYRON, ALAN STAFFORD & JOEY BRASS.

It's being hawked as a parody, but this suckfest is actually a straight-faced (and very loose) literary adaptation of the Bram Stroker—er, Stoker—classic. Jonathan Harker shows up at Dracula's castle to hash out some financial deal or other. (Castle foreclosure?) He meets Evan Stone in a ridiculous wig and—pow!—before he knows it, he's banging three of the count's best cunts. Meanwhile, fiancée Mina (a hypnotic Jessi Palmer) seduces her girlfriend Lucy (the sexy-slutty Marie McCray) in a comely scene that we don't recall being in the book. Elsewhere, fly-eating nutjob Renfield (a role Tom Byron sinks his teeth into) finds asylum in his nurse's anus. (We'll take that over Zoloft any day.) Dracula, of course, is the marquis de sodomy himself and does a fine job of turning Jessi into his latest butt-bride. Thanks to its blend of costumey goth porn, digital 3D effects, syrupy music and pompous acting, watching *This Ain't Dracula XXX* is like drinking a Viagra-laced bottle of absinthe. It packs a bite that'll probably kill you…unless you're already dead. Order it on page 124. ***—M.J.***

Power *freaks Hillary Scott, Stoya and Jesse Jane (with Breanne Benson) keep the edge.*

Power Fuck

DIGITAL PLAYGROUND. DIRECTOR: ROBBY D. STARRING: JESSE JANE, STOYA, BREANNE BENSON, HILLARY SCOTT, FAYE REAGAN, KASEY CHASE, MICK BLUE, MANUEL FERRARA & JAMES DEEN.

Power Fuck looks and feels like a stripped-down homage to good old gonzo hardcore: no story, no big-budget nonsense, just pretty girls (willingly) treated like fuck dolls. That's a hard concept to screw up, especially when your movie is powered by gym rat Jesse Jane and the strangely hypnotic Stoya. Jesse gets some help from Breanne Benson (somebody has to deep-throat while the star sucks balls), but Stoya upstages them both before she even sheds her see-through negligee. She lays down a great scene and is kind enough to lick the cum off the floor. (Leave the place the way you found it, girls.) Hillary Scott takes it in the ass in her usual I-was-born-for-this fashion, and Kasey Chase and Faye Reagan earn the day rate on their backs. (Why burn up brainpower when you got a body?) There's nothing wrong with this movie. *Power Fuck* gets the job done. It wouldn't hurt to have more high-energy pounding to measure up to the 2-by-4 title, but we're only whining because that's our job. **—M.J.**

AGGRESSIVE

Instant gratification: Lizz Tayler, Chloe Reece Ryder, Jazy Berlin and Daisy Cruz feed ***America's*** *need.*

America's Favorite Commercials Gone Porn

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: OTTO BAUER. STARRING: LIZZ TAYLER, CHLOE REECE RYDER, JAZY BERLIN, DAISY CRUZ, TAYLOR WAYNE, NICOLE ANISTON, DALE DaBONE, JENNER, BILLY GLIDE & OTTO BAUER.

"Check out my big discounts!" Who doesn't want to see if Flo the insurance chick can keep that dorky smile all the way through a good fuck session? Cute and spunky Chloe Reece Ryder, as Ho, strips off that little white smock and kicks off this spunky spoof reel with the best sales pitch ever. Then, after the Most Interesting Man enjoys a Tres XXX with Jazy Berlin and Daisy Cruz, blowjob legend Taylor Wayne's WhoreBitz lady ratchets up the sheer fucking insanity of this flick with a memorable scene that does justice to her "Dirty Mouth." Lizz Tayler loads up on meat for her $3 Footschlong, and Nicole Aniston is so hot to score, she won't let the FreeCreditWhore.com band practice. (And they need to.) All the ladies in this (hopefully) one-of-a-kind parody disc throw themselves into their parts with gusto and do a great job of revealing the filthy subtext behind pretty much all advertising. If ad execs had any brains at all, they'd run these during the Super Bowl! ***—M.J.***

Yes, ***Master:*** *Sydnee Capri (top photos) and Misty Stone make race an issue.*

Black Ass Master #5

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: ALEXANDER DEVOE. STARRING: NYOMI BANXXX, SYDNEE CAPRI, MISTY STONE, IMANI ROSE, KENDRA LEE, PRINCESS DREAMS, MR. PETE, ROCCO REED, MR. MARCUS, RICO STRONG, MARK WOOD & MARK ASHLEY.

The formula is simple: Pay a half-dozen dependable black fuck bunnies to show up at a rent-a-house in the Valley and fuck their brains out (anally, if possible). Works every time. Misty Stone kicks off the professionalism with her usual cumsucking brilliance, followed by the ever-solid Imani Rose. (We like a lady with good muscle tone.) Nyomi Banxxx boosts the star wattage on disc one by making good on the title. Nyomi is the one to beat these days when it comes to sheer anal athleticism. We give her a perfect 10. Princess Dreams kindly keeps the booty gape going on disc two. Is it that cheap blond wig that makes it work? Butt veteran Sydnee Capri and cute Kendra Lee round out (literally) this rectal feast. You'll be sitting at home thinking, *Damn! I wish that was my dick in that sweet chocolate hole!* Well, if you got about $10K to burn, you could be fucking these chicks too. Just make sure you have a camera and you pay yourself to do it. Best deal you've heard all day, right? ***—M.J.***

*Asa Akira, Katie St. Ives and Lily LaBeau **Spread** themselves thin.*

Spread Eagle

VIVID VIDEO. DIRECTOR: B. SKOW. STARRING: LEXI BELLE, KATIE ST. IVES, LILY LaBEAU, ASA AKIRA, TANYA TATE, TOMMY GUNN, JOHN STRONG, LEE STONE, MARCUS LONDON & JON JON.

First of all, we have to give credit to Vivid for creating a new superhero this time instead of endlessly rehashing the old ones. That said, this one's pretty fucking weird. It starts like a typical porn flick: two sweaty people humping in a basement. One of the porkers is Asian flavor of the month Asa Akira, so no complaints there. The other one is venerable love muscle Tommy Gunn, who turns into some sort of birdman after a mugging. Then Lexi Belle services two dudes on a couch in an alley for a while before getting rescued (apparently from postcoital shame) by the birdman, a/k/a Spread Eagle. Lily LaBeau is the next chick (or hooker—we're not sure) in trouble. Spread helps find her sister, and she gets real thankful. We're talkin' dirty-mattress-on-a-rooftop thankful. Now *that's* nesting. *Spread Eagle* is as trashy and cheesy as an old comic book and will make you say *What the fuck?* more than once. It gets a big dicks-up for sheer audacity. Where else are you going to see a porn stud with a rubber beak explode baddies with his awesome bird screech? **—M.J.**

Kagney Linn Karter (top photos) and Alektra Blue (with Gracie Glam) pull off an ***Inside Job***.

Inside Job

WICKED PICTURES. DIRECTOR: STORMY DANIELS. STARRING: KAGNEY LINN KARTER, ALEKTRA BLUE, BROOKLYN LEE, GRACIE GLAM, BARRETT BLADE, BRENDON MILLER & MARCUS LONDON.

No, this is not a pornographic exposé of the 9/11 conspiracy, as cool as that would be. This is a cute little caper flick about Kagney Linn Karter's amazing pumped-up bubble tits and all the trouble they get into. Now doesn't that have a lot more historical significance? Stormy Daniels has a knack for getting lively comedy performances out of people who swap cum for a living, making hers some of the least fast-forwarded movies out there. Brendon Miller as Kagney's inept-burglar boyfriend does a hilarious job, helped by cohort Barrett Blade. Comely Kagney (helped by her tits) lays down a solid performance as well. The entire cast is a stroker's blessing (props to Brooklyn Lee for the anal finale), but Kagney is top-billed for a reason. In addition to those tits (have we mentioned them?), the multi-jobber pumps a dick with a skill that is almost criminal. Don't let anyone tell you crime doesn't pay. ***—M.J.***

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THIS AIN'T JAWS XXX 3D

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

ADULT/CHILD DONNING

If ever a Hollywood movie screamed out for an erotic video parody, surely it's the 1975 blockbuster *Jaws*. Weirdos searching for chick-on-shark sex will be disappointed, but *This Ain't Jaws XXX 3D* is so chock-full of sizzling sexual encounters that you might need a bigger boat to contain them all.

While patrolling the coastline for a murderous shark, Hooper (**Alexis Ford**) and Quint (**Evan Stone**) decide to take a brief boning break. Meanwhile, back on shore, a lifeguard (**Rocco Reed**) helps a hot young beachgoer (**Phoenix Marie**) get nice and wet without stepping foot in the water. Unaware of the killer fish lurking in the nearby ocean, Chrissie (**Lily LaBeau**) is game for a little hard-core hanky-panky with her boyfriend Danny (**Danny Wylde**).

Thankfully, the cast of *This Ain't Jaws XXX 3D* knows that the best way to avoid a shark attack is to engage in land-based sexual activity.

HUSTLER
THIS AIN'T JAWS XXX 3D

Fans of fish and fucking, take note: *This Ain't Jaws XXX 3D* is available from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit **HustlerHollywood.com** or go to page 124 to order by mail.

WELCOME TO VOYEURS' FAVORITE AMATEUR SHOWCASE SINCE 1976!

BEAVER HUNT

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

"I love trying new things, but nude modeling is the most exciting one yet."

ASHLEY

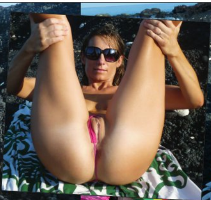
Football hotbed Texas celebrates its Independence Day in March, so we'll pay homage with Ashley James, an ex-cheerleader from Waco. "I've always wanted to be lots of guys' fantasy," declares the "bubbly, crazy, fun to be around and energetic" 19-year-old, who recently graduated from supermarket checker to super stripper with a heart of gold. "I like to help others, and I believe in good karma," Ashley lays on us. She also likes "sleeping, running, basketball, baseball, shopping, classic rock, singing in my car, cleaning and trying new things." The latter is especially true when Ashley is wide awake in the bedroom, although the 5-foot-1 hottie owns up, "I've had sex in cars, parks, a hot tub—and on a trampoline. I'm straight, pretty aggressive and very seductive. I love men, but every once in a while I crave the touch of a woman." That's not her sole craving: "I'd love to be chosen for a HUSTLER layout." Hey, folks, want a second helping of delectable Ashley James? —Photos by Ron Neumann

"I want to eat a girl's hot pussy
and get mine eaten too."

SARA

"I always wanted to see myself naked in a magazine," reckons Sara, 27, an "outgoing and open-minded" prep cook from Makawao, Hawaii. "My fiancé encouraged me. He knows I can't seem to keep my clothes on when I'm home or at the beach. Recently we had sex on a breakwater in front of a bunch of people; it was a blast getting pounded by a cock and waves at the same time." But as a budding sex aficionada, the follower of AFI, Insane Clown Posse and dating shows once had an uninvited audience. "My mom barged into my bedroom while I was giving my boyfriend head," Sara recalls. "She caught me with a mouthful of cock!" Although quite spirited, the 5-foot-3 libertine wasn't a cheerleader. "I hated those stuck-up bitches," Sara snorts. "I did all their boyfriends behind their backs!" Now she's a backdoor enthusiast. "I *really* like anal; it's fun," squeals Sara, who doesn't have to sneak around these days. "My fiancé told me I can mess around with anyone I want to," the ravenous bride-to-be explains. "I don't think I'm gonna be bi-curious too much longer." —Photos by Friend

"I love to kick
back and relax,
but it usually
turns into
having sex."
Hawaiian



SISSY

This "crazy, fun, bi-curious and seductive" administrator from Kailua-Kona, Hawaii, has now gotten her feet wet as a nude model. "It was my husband's idea!" roars Sissy, 39. "He loves your magazine! We thought, *Why not try?* That's what you see in HUSTLER all the time." But generally not an eye-catching, 5-foot-8 "exercise addict" who's into surfing, the sport of triathlon—a rigorous combination of swimming, cycling and running—and being a very sporting spouse. "I get my husband strippers and let him have sex with other women," Sissy proudly admits. "*Hmmm*, I think that's pretty good. I'm Austrian, so I'm a little bit more flexible with our relationship than other wives. I'm also very flexible on positions, and I love to give head." When just kicking back, Sissy savors TV's *Two and a Half Men* and music's Linkin Park, Katy Perry, Jay-Z and Eminem. For a down-and-dirty fantasy, the unbashful beach buff muses, "I'd love to have two pretty girls' bald pussies right in front of my face while my husband watches and later joins in." —Photos by Husband

"I'm always in the mood to have sex. I could go all day and night."

RACHEL

"The world is nothing but a stomping ground for those who choose to make something of themselves," professes this "always smiling" server from Conneaut, Ohio. "I am a deep thinker, an overachiever and a determined young lady with many goals, and I choose to pursue them in every way possible. Since I've wanted to be a nude model for as long as I can remember, I am very grateful and superexcited. Having this opportunity means so much to me." Rachel, who'll be turning 21 in March, shares another virtuous trait: "I love to put a smile on everyone's face," the 5-foot-2 Buckeye Stater avows. And what better way than being seen in her birthday suit? "I'm fun to be around," Rachel continues. "I love to go out with my friends and have a great time." She also digs shopping, TV ("anything on A&E, Lifetime and MTV"), music ("Alicia Keys, Yo Gotti, Starlito and many more") and reliving her scholastic track team days. "I love running," Rachel reveals. "I could run for hours." But that would mean devoting less time to her fave pastime. "I love sex," the newbie raves. "What I like best is a guy sucking on my nipples and playing with my clit, then doing me doggy-style. When he's going in *so-o-o-o* deep, I feel *so-o-o-o* good!" Rachel, who once went all the way after getting naked in the woods, dreams of "having kinky sex and being in control." —Photos by DavidKPhoto.com

"I never masturbate—unless someone wants to watch me play with myself."

BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

TIFFANY

Once a water park tour guide, this "funny, outgoing and flirtatious" resident of Sunrise, Florida, has a bevy of interests. "I like singing, dancing, rap, hip-hop, rollerblading, Will Smith movies, the Animal Planet channel, *Family Guy* and *That '70s Show*," Tiffany rattles off. "But no matter what I'm doing or who I'm with, I try to make everything fun and interesting." That vow definitely applies to her most risqué kick—disrobing whenever a pal wants to snap pictures of the 5-foot-5 dreamboat. "I love being naked, and I love it even more when I get to turn on HUSTLER readers," Tiffany coos. Not wanting to be a party-pooper, we've brought her back for another encore. Is it that '70s bush? That tempting but off-limits ass? Her penchant for "a good manhandling with a guy who knows what he's doing"? Or is she just an adorable creature from head to toe? Yes, yes, yes and yes! And, for good measure, tantalizing Tiffany will be turning 22 in March. Happy birthday, sweetheart! —Photos by Friend

"Anal sex is great. Now I'm up for double penetration!"

CHERRI

"I'm a country girl born and bred in North Carolina," proclaims Clayton denizen Cherri, 47, a "very open-minded MILF" with a hankering to join the *Beaver Hunt* colony. "It sounded like fun," purrs the 5-foot-5 Tar Heel Stater, who unequivocally relishes the state of undress. "I live naked in my house," Cherri discloses. Shedding light on her other diverse proclivities, she adds, "I love to party and have fun. I listen to rock and country music, and my hobbies are gardening, cooking, waterskiing, skating, walking and watching TV—but mostly porn." In the meantime, Cherri gets more than her fill of great sex. "I have a younger boyfriend who keeps me satisfied," the *Two and a Half Men* fan fesses up. "I will try anything one time, but my personal choice is doggy-style fucking, especially the anal variety." Buxom and bawdy Cherri is no garden-variety bedmate. —Photos by Cherri

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BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

SUNSHINEY

AGE: 40

LOCATION: Salt Lake City, Utah

FIND HER AT: SunshineyDay.RedBubble.com

This is a feature dedicated to the proposition that women do not achieve their full sexual power and beauty until they are well into their 30s and beyond.

Originally from San Diego, Sunshiney got to wear a teeny bikini almost year-round while she was in high school and college. The athletically inclined student spent as much time as possible at the beach, where she enjoyed surfing, playing volleyball and chasing guys.

COUGARS UNLEASHED #37

"I've always been a free spirit when it comes to life," Sunshiney happily relates. "When I was younger, I was pretty wild. There was no limit to my craziness. I'm glad I had those experiences. They made me into the person I am today."

Now at 40, Sunshiney is still in tip-top shape. Two of her favorite hobbies are hiking and skiing. Even though the outdoors-lover no longer lives near the Pacific Ocean, she still occasionally likes to sport a skimpy bikini. Not as a beachcomber, though, but instead as a model.

"I've always felt natural in front of the camera," the 5-foot-7 stunner declares. "I just love letting it all hang out when I'm posing. Plus, I adore it when men strike up conversations or say they're fans of my work. It's flattering. Lately, however, it's really hard to say who hits on me more: men or women."

Nevertheless, when it comes to choosing a romantic partner, Sunshiney is refreshingly old-fashioned. "I'm a sucker for a strong man with a heart of gold," she explains. "I also love a gentleman who treats me like a lady—and, of course, a guy who knows how to touch me in all of the right places!"

Once satisfied, Sunshiney will return the favor. "Nothing brings me more pleasure than being able to use my body to please a man!" she exclaims. "If sex in my 20s registered as an 8, then now it's 15-plus!"

Sunshiney, we love a woman who's good at math—and good in bed.

If you are interested in being featured in our *Cougars Unleashed* column, please submit photos and a short bio via e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com.*

PHOTOS BY CRAIG ALKIN / DDGPHOTOS.COM

THE GIRLS OF FACEBOOK

BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

SCREEN NAME:

Scarlett

AGE: 27

LOCATION: FRESNO, CALIFORNIA

URL: **Facebook.com/ScarletAdams**

Scarlett is hardly your typical California beach bunny type. Despite growing up around the Bay Area, the leggy lass never took much of a liking to conventional fun-in-the-sun activities. Instead, Scarlett was the introverted "odd kid in black" who avoided her classmates and gravitated toward relatively private places where she could do some writing or just chill.

"I was a huge nerd in high school," Scarlett whimsically confesses. "As a matter of fact, I'm still a huge nerd! First and foremost, I love playing *World of Warcraft.* I also enjoy reading, gardening and watching scary movies—especially films featuring zombies!"

Scarlett has definitely emerged from her shell. Making a 180-degree turn, the once-withdrawn adolescent has found a surefire way to conquer shyness—and make a good living. "I've had my fair share of odd jobs," Scarlett relates, "but I've experienced a lot of success as an exotic dancer. So I guess I must be doing it pretty well."

Additionally, the 5-foot-6 tattooed treat admits to getting her kicks from role-playing and kinky sex. "I like it rough," Scarlett asserts. "Bring on the rope and candle wax! I have fantasies about being tied up, blindfolded and having dirty things done to me. That would be fun, I think!"

Scarlett may have a hearty attraction to the wilder side of life, but we're happy to announce that this babe is still a goofball at heart. "My lover needs to have a cute face," she insists. "No cute face, no go. But I still love nerds! I mean, speak geek to me, and I'm putty in your hands!"

OPEN AUDITIONS: Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a HUSTLER Girl of Facebook? If you are 18 years of age or older, e-mail an introductory message and a photo to ***HUSTLER@LFP.com.***

PHOTOS BY CASPER MUNOZ PHOTOGRAPHY

BY AARON PARKER

OCCUPY BERKELEY

STUDENTS AT THE **UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA** JOIN THE PROTEST MOVEMENT SWEEPING THE NATION.

PHOTO BY JOHN HOLZINGER

On October 8, 2011, students at UC Berkeley—renowned for its pioneering Free Speech Movement in 1964—joined the ranks of young activists protesting corporate greed, economic inequality and other concerns. Like their 99 Percent Movement counterparts in cities across the country, the UC Berkeley contingent chose to occupy a strategic location: a bus stop inlet facing a Bank of America branch a block away from campus.

Their grievances? The list varies, but all of the UC Berkeley students are vowing not to pay BofA's monthly debit card usage fee. Additionally, they're disgruntled about their ever-increasing tuition, inflated daily expenses and dismal job opportunities.

In the past few years, the sprawling Berkeley campus has seen multiple demonstrations and classroom walkouts concerning the spiraling cost of education. Since the 2008 housing market collapse, California's two state university systems have been severely impacted by budget cuts. Some students now regret their decision to secure federal and/or private loans, fearful they may never be able to repay them.

UC Berkeley students are also infuriated by the irresponsibility of Wall Street and Big Business. They are aware of the funding that major banks received during the government bailout and have been alerted to the creative ways financial institutions deal with their federal taxes. Moreover, Berkeley students are enraged by Bank of America's lack of sensitivity. Many who have entrusted their college accounts to BofA bristled at the words of CEO Brian Moynihan: "We have a right to make a profit." He was defending the bank's new $5 monthly debit card fee, which was the proverbial straw that broke the camel's back and became an impetus for protest.

The 99 Percent Movement had gained radical force in the preceding weeks. Inspired by the brave New Yorkers' Occupy Wall Street, UC Berkeley students have gathered in a similar encampment. And like its predecessor, the protest has been supported and embraced by the local community. Nearly 200 people attended the initial rally, where speakers and demonstrators' hand-lettered signs stated opposition to banks, corporations, corrupt politicians and the negative aspects of capitalism.

At the moment, word of mouth is the main way of bringing in more people. Along with that, being located on Shattuck Avenue—one of Berkeley's busiest thoroughfares—will undoubtedly bolster the encampment's impact. Students are doing more than just showing great enthusiasm for the movement. Some have become organizers who are trying to muster additional support through social media networking and campus flyers. Many Berkeley residents and a number of city leaders have pledged their support.

Motorists passing the encampment honk their horns in solidarity, and supporters are making cash donations. Meanwhile, the Berkeley Student Food Collective has been feeding the famished participants.

Occupants of the encampment hold a nightly general assembly at 6 p.m. to hear from the committees in charge of camping conditions, food and safety. It's an attempt at self-governance, and sometimes the scene almost resembles an unruly mob.

Young activists are passionate by nature. To watch them propose and deliberate on topics and policy can be amusing, for their new form of self-governance is rife with discord. Building a true democracy is laborious, and achieving a consensus can be frustratingly difficult even when like-minded individuals share a common goal.

The students have even welcomed Berkeley's homeless into their camp, a gesture that may prove problematic to achieving a majority decision. However, this has not lessened the students' resolve because they fully embrace a democratic process. The students believe that everyone has a right to be heard regardless of his or her social status.

Those taking part in Occupy Berkeley are not only galvanized by a great history of protest but also united through humility. Thus, they stand together demanding to be heard.

Aaron Parker is a UC Berkeley senior majoring in history. Although he admits to being not much of an activist, Parker—who plans to start law school in September—ardently supports free speech and positive changes for humanity.

Attention college reporters: If you have an idea for a story involving your school—streaking, stripping, partying, pranks, protests, political or censorship issues, etc.—please contact us at *Features@LFP.com*. If you get the green light, Larry Flynt will send you a check with his name on it. Besides the financial windfall, a HUSTLER story will look good on your résumé.

BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

Coeds: Send us some sexy pictures and garner some handy financial assistance! To apply, follow the instructions on the form on page 123 and indicate **Real College Girls** on submission envelope.

ELLE

PORTLAND STATE UNIVERSITY

HUSTLER UNIVERSITY
HUSTLER
H
REAL COLLEGE GIRLS

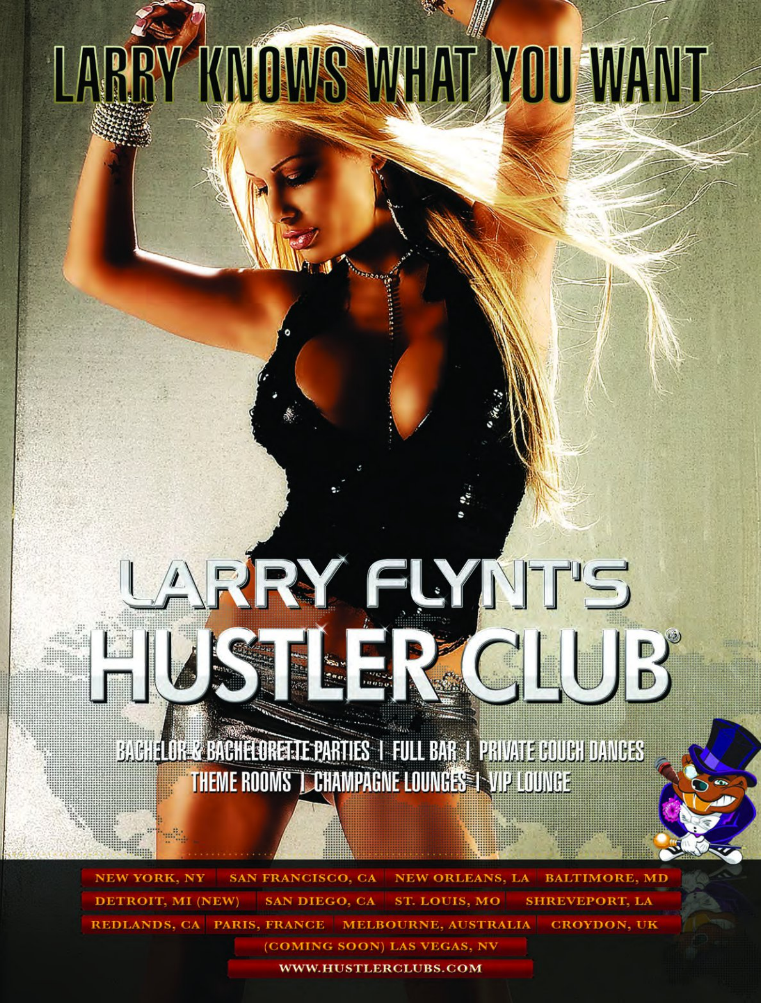
Judging from the extensive ink decorating Elle's delicious body, you'd never guess the 24-year-old plans on becoming a cop. But the PSU senior from the Los Angeles area says being on her own since the age of 18 has helped her gain confidence, independence and assertiveness—qualities she plans on utilizing one day as a peace officer. "I feel very strongly about returning to Southern California and applying my education to street-level law enforcement," Elle tells us. "That's why I've been majoring in criminal justice."

Earning a bachelor's degree isn't her only pursuit. Even when Elle isn't buried in textbooks or cranking out essays related to the fight against crime, the uninhibited coed keeps busy. Elle interviews porn stars and pens articles for **TitsAndAss.com**, a group blog where sex-industry workers report on everything from activism to fetishism. Elle also enjoys hanging out with her two dogs, learning how to cook and practicing the Filipino martial arts discipline Modern Arnis, which will certainly come in handy when the 5-foot-3 looker hits those mean streets of L.A.

As far as her amorous preferences, Elle admits to enjoying the company of both genders. But when given a choice, the opposite sex usually wins out. "I really love men," Elle confides. "I especially like guys who are good communicators, a bit older than me, as well as inventive and sincere. And while I prefer having a partner at home, some of the best sex I've ever experienced has been the kind that was meant to stay a secret."

Clandestine sex with a gorgeous wannabe female police officer? Where can we sign up?

PHOTOS BY SHAWN BARAVETTO



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PANTERA MALONE: GOOD SAMARITAN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES BAES

FEBRUARY 1978
HUSTLER
CLASSIC

"I believe in the golden rule," says February 1978 covergirl **Pantera Malone**. "Do unto others and all that." This good-hearted resident of West Palm Beach, Florida, considers herself a rarity in a community where, as she puts it, "People look down their noses at anyone they consider inferior—which is almost everyone." On more than one occasion, **Pantera** has stopped to help someone change a flat tire or rescue a cat from a tree. "It's just the way I am," shrugs the amiable 20-year-old. "I like people, and people like me. It all depends on how you treat them."

(continued from page 85)

He's not responsible for how we exercise it. God is supposed to be all good.

You were raised Catholic?

Yeah. My first confrontation in the area of God and religion was with this monsignor. He was a gray-haired eminence. He'd come into our class maybe once every two weeks, and he'd talk about God, the all good, the all-powerful, the all knowing. I was maybe nine at the most. I said to him, "Monsignor, if God is all-powerful, all good and all knowing, why does he put people on this Earth he already knows are going to end up in Hell?"

He said, "Well, that's a good question for someone your age, and I have the answer for you. God gives all of us free will. When we come to that fork in the road, it's up to us to decide. He's not responsible for whether we take the road that leads to Heaven or the one that leads to Hell."

I came back with, "Yes, but if you say that he's all knowing, he already knows what direction we're going to go in, so I still can't figure out why he puts people on Earth who he already knows are going to end up in Hell."

The monsignor kind of coughed nervously and said, "We'll take it up at a later time."

Can we bait you into discussing the bigger question of whether God exists?

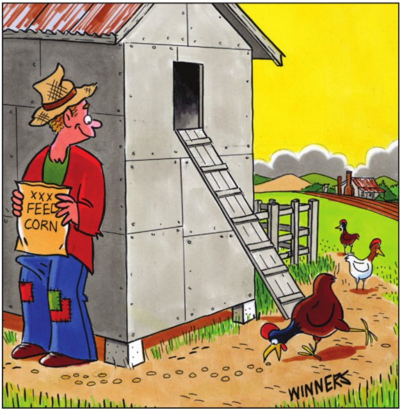
I'm an agnostic. Atheists do not believe in God, and I'm very harsh on atheism. I like to tell people I have someone rather bright on my side. His name is [Albert] Einstein. Einstein was an agnostic. Interestingly enough, [Charles] Darwin was also an agnostic even though most evolutionists are Atheists. I believe that the question of whether or not God exists is an impenetrable mystery beyond human comprehension.

Einstein said, "The problem is too vast for our limited minds." And I just feel the most responsible and reasonable position to take on the issue of God's existence is that of agnosticism. I love Gertrude Stein's great nonliterary articulation. She said: "There ain't no answer. There ain't going to be any answer. There never has been an answer. That's the answer."

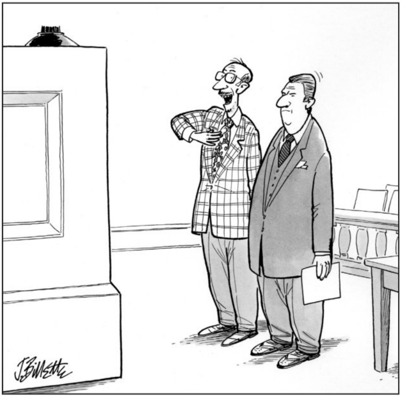
And then Clarence Darrow, the great criminal defense attorney in the '30s, said, "I don't purport to know what ignorant men are sure of."

What is your most fervent hope that *Divinity of Doubt* will accomplish?

I'm always educating people in my books. I lecture to people who are brighter than I am and older than I am. I believe in the Socratic imperative that the truth is more important than anything else. I'm not trying to throw a wrench in anything. I'm just pursuing what I perceive to be the truth. But this book is so revolutionary and stunning that people refuse to accept it. It's extremely powerful. You will never think about God or religion in the same way ever again.



Young Larry Flynt's first attempt at picking up chicks.



"Your Honor, I may be a pedophile, but may I say on my behalf that I drive very slowly in school zones!"

ALEXIS PAIGE

The April '12 issue goes on sale January 24, 2012. Visit our Web site at HustlerMagazine.com.

COMING NEXT

ARRESTED Saturday
Back Today
This tide will sweep
the nation!
WE ARE THE 99%

OCCUPY WALL STREET: EXCLUSIVE EYEWITNESS REPORT

Responding to a tweet, young people swarmed into New York City's financial district to protest corporate greed, political corruption and America's social and economic inequality. (A mere 1% of the population controls almost half of the wealth.) HUSTLER was represented at the "We Are the 99 Percent" demonstrations by camera-wielding college student Jordan David, who describes "what a revolution looks like in the 21st century." Also, prepare to be outraged as we list the 25 most highly compensated CEOs and how much their respective corporations "paid" in federal taxes.

BOBBI STARR: ENJOYING A WELL-ORCHESTRATED LIFE

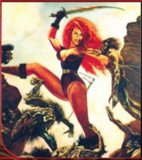
"I'm my own brand," porn A-lister Bobbi Starr tells a gathering of mainstream businessmen. "No one can replicate that because there's only one me on the planet." Spending a day with Bobbi, Managing Editor Anthony Petkovich discovers just how unique the award-winning skin-biz performer is. Find out what sets Bobbi Starr apart from her peers and why she's more than just a sexual virtuoso.

U2 BODYGUARD'S DARK SECRETS

Self-proclaimed "badass fucking bodyguard" David Guyer hit the road with the Irish rock band U2 in more ways than one. During concerts, the burly bruiser protected Bono and the boys from "the asshole who decided he was going to make himself famous, if only for one night." Now Guyer lets loose, recalling everything from taking down crazed fans to slamming an amazing hooker in Vancouver.

BUTT BABES: ASSMAN'S DELIGHT

Want to fantasize about chicks you desire, girlfriends you miss, crushes who say no? But have each one revealing her glorious glutes? That's what's in store as we review the photo book *Butt Babes*, in which master lensman Dave Naz has assembled a bevy of come-hither hotties—including Faye Reagan and XXX superstar Sasha Grey—baring their fantastic fannies.



THE HEROIC FANTASY ART OF MARCUS BOAS

Alien Seduction and *Queen of the Underworld* are just two reasons why Marcus Boas has ascended to artistic fame. Juxtaposing voluptuous women with either alpha males or diabolical creatures, his paintings visualize a comic book nerd's wet dreams. See for yourself who rules the world of heroic fantasy art.